THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1924

CONTENTS

A Week of the World 875
Labor in Office and Society — China's Perennial Discord — South African Secessionism — Religious Palliatives in Japan — France's Black-Troop Problems — Germany's Harried Students — Minor Notes

The Present Social System . . . . . L. P. JACKS 881
An Apology for What Is

Japan's Silent Mussolini . . . . . TOSHIO YOSHIDA 887
A Hidden Ruler of Oriental Policy

Germany's Election Line-up . . A BELGIAN CORRESPONDENT 893

The Golden Mean. *A Couplet* . . . . KENNETH HARE 895

Scenes in Italy's Borderland

I. South Tirol under the Fascisti . . . ROBERT DELL 896

II. A Soldier's Pilgrimage . . . RICHARD HULDSCHINER 900

Farewell to the Hebrides . . . . . SETON GORDON 906

Cigar Smoke . . . . . PRINCE V. BARIATINSKII 908
An Unplausible Burglar Story

The Popularity of Byron . . . . . JOHN MURRAY 913

A Page of Verse 918
Escape — The Sea

Life, Letters, and the Arts 919
'Countess' Anna Karenina: A Supreme Achievement — Restoration in Verona — A South American Painter — A Spanish Literary Prize — Folklore in Belgium — The Drama in Haiti

Books Abroad 923
Une heure avec . . . — Realities and Shams — A Book of Australian Verse — Poetry in Australia, 1923 — Gora: A Novel — The Legacy of the Ancient World — New Translations

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.60; Canadian Postage, 60c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Vindication of the present social system is a task that taxes even the powers of Mr. L. P. Jacks. He says, 'It is not the consciousness of evil, but the consciousness of good, that inspires reform with the strongest motives and the wisest plans.' With the wisest plans, perhaps; but with the strongest motives, hardly.

* * *

In terms of football, Germany's political line-up is a weak one. Hitler can be counted on to play a strong game at right end and the Communists on the left will put up a tricky exhibition. Ebert, however, is weak at centre and they have no backfield of statesmen or soldiers that will be good at carrying the ball in the enemies' territory. The teamwork also will be something terrible.

* * *

The Fascisti are, as Mr. Robert Dell says, charming people. In Southern Tirol they are trying to pump limpid Italian syllables through the corrugated Adam's apples of the German inhabitants. They are throwing competent Austrians out of their jobs, they are annexing the property of German citizens, they are changing the names of the railroad stations, they are acting like babies. Such, at least, is the effect of the spectacle on an Anglo-Saxon lover of compromise.

* * *

Richard Huldschiner, whose country was recently at war with Mr. Dell's, also grieves at the passing of the Austrian régime over northern Italy. Even deserters from the Imperial Austro-Hungarian armies speak with a catch in their voice of the good old days, and a Croat is reported to have said, 'Ah, Ludendorff, Linsingen, and Falkenhayn, they are the gentlemen!'

* * *

To the disgust of many a Continental, the English have been loath to recognize the genius of Lord Byron. They now have a chance to make up for their neglect and give him a rousing centennial for which Mr. John Murray, grandson of the great publisher, strikes the keynote.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You pay no more for a Medici Print

MEDICI PRINTS

are reproductions in full color direct from the original paintings by great masters in the world's art galleries and private collections. They have long set the standard of the world in color printing.

Send us 25c (coin preferred) for fully illustrated catalogue showing nearly 300 examples of six centuries of the art of painting

It costs as much to frame an inferior picture as to frame one of the Medici Prints (*We will attend to your framing, too, if you desire*).

THE MEDICI SOCIETY OF AMERICA
Book and Art Publishers
776 Boylston Street Boston

Summer Schools—1924

Teachers planning to give courses at summer sessions this year are cordially invited to write to the Educational Department of the Atlantic Monthly Press (8 Arlington Street, Boston) for suggestions in regard to suitable Atlantic Texts.

Now Published Separately

The Index for the Living Age beginning Vol. 318 (July 1923 — September 1923) will be published separately, and may be secured by sending a post card to the

LIVING AGE SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17

OXFORD BOOKS

CHILDHOOD IN VERSE AND PROSE
By Susan Miles *Net $3.00*
This anthology brings together those passages of English Literature from the fourteenth to the twentieth century which deal most happily with children and with childhood.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF AUSTIN DOBSON *Net $1.50*
Being the complete collected poems of Austin Dobson, containing a portrait of the author, notes, index to first lines, and Bibliographical index.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES
By Austin Dobson *Each, Net $.80*
First, Second and Third Series
"To sit and bask in the sunshine of the eighteenth century, with Austin Dobson turning on the sun, is a rare and holy joy."— *Sir Walter Besant.*

A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN
By Serghéi Aksákoff
Translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff *Net $.80*
Aksakoff is a classic in his own country, on account of his style, his powers of observation and memory, and his attractive personality.

THE LAST JOURNEY OF JESUS TO JERUSALEM
By W. H. Cadman *Net $2.50*
Deals with a problem about which critical opinion has long been notoriously at variance. A book of very great interest and of much importance as a contribution to Theological Scholarship.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY
By Thomas B. Strong $1.20
An endeavour to put forward a view of the world that finds Christianity the only satisfactory explanation of our manifold experiences.

THREE MEASURES OF MEAL
A Study in Religion
By Frank G. Vial $3.50
A contribution to the study of Christian Origins.

THE PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF MUSICAL CRITICISM
By M. D. Calvocoressi *Net $2.20*
The book is for the musicians and general student of Arts, not only for the critic himself.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
35 West 32nd Street, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T. S. STRIBLING
Author of "Red Sand"

GOLD

By Jacob Wassermann

By the author of *The World's Illusion*. An absorbing novel of over 400 pages. The central character is a woman who symbolizes the primitive vitality and power of her sex.

$2.50

ROBERT HERRICK
Author of "Waste"

RED SAND

By T. S. Stribling

Author of "Birthright" and "Fombombo"

A romantic novel of Venezuela in which a hero of the bull ring aspires to a daughter of the aristocracy. $2.00

Papini's

The FAILURE

By the Author of "Life of Christ"

Papini's autobiographical novel explains his conversion and how he came to write his "Life of Christ."

$2.00

WASTE

Robert Herrick's New Novel

The story of an idealist and of the last forty years of the American scene.

$2.00

CRAZY MAN

By Maxwell Bodenheim

"Mr. Bodenheim is, with the possible exception of Sherwood Anderson, the most original of American novelists."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

$2.00

PORT OF NEW YORK

By Paul Rosenfeld

Essays on the Spirit of Modern American Art as shown in the work of 14 individuals; poets, artists, critics, etc.

Illustrated. $3.00

Papini's

LIFE OF CHRIST

$3.50

The Re-creating of the Individual

By BEATRICE M. HINKLE

The first adequate presentation in English of the new conception of psychoanalysis. $4.50

A Thread of English Road

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

The narrative of a cycling trip across southern England, with chapters on Selborne, Winchester, and Bath. $3.00

POEMS

By J. E. Spingarn

This collection of Mr. Spingarn's verse is the natural outflowing of a poetic mind, stirred by love, nature, sorrow, and wrong. $1.75

SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE INSECTS

By Wm. Morton Wheeler

A fascinating account of the complex insect world, in which modern science proves as thrilling as fiction. "A remarkable book."—*New Republic.*

Illustrated. $4.00

M. R. Werner's

BARNUM $4.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company

383 Madison Avenue
New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — *MAY 10, 1924* — NO. 4166

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LABOR IN OFFICE AND SOCIETY

THE London *Outlook* fancies that it has made the discovery — together with many other people — 'that the prestige of Mr. MacDonald's Government has collapsed,' and says his Cabinet owed its transient popularity not to what it did but to what it refrained from doing. It also reports trouble among Labor's Scottish members, who are more radical than their English colleagues, and inclined to demand immediate action rather than expedient deliberation in dealing with concrete problems. This may not bring about a split in the Labor Party, for such differences have always existed since its organization. 'The Labor camp holds men whose opinions vary as widely as the poles; but there is nothing surprising in this if we remember the extraordinary variety of political birds who used to perch together amicably on the Liberal roost.'

Much of the *Outlook's* irritation is due to the recent strikes — and threats of more to come — that have inconvenienced the British public even more seriously under the Labor Cabinet than under its Conservative predecessor.

The Communist *Labour Monthly* rejoices in the fact that responsibility is making the conservative leaders of the Labor movement show their colors, and 'smashing with deadly blows the old atmosphere of vague, uncritical acceptance of general principles and eloquent ideals.' The world has been preaching that education is the greatest need of the workers. 'It is certainly education they are receiving now — not the vague and beautiful education of "conversion to Socialism," but the real education of experience, the education of facts.' This journal has no tolerance for the stock apology for inaction, that 'Labor is in office, but not in power.' It asks: 'Would Labor with a Parliamentary majority have acted very differently in the points at issue? Would it not have just the same built the cruisers, shot workers in India, and tried to smother strikes in the interests of the community?'

Labor Ministers and officials are criticized by some of the rank and file for falling in too easily with the social

Copyright 1924, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conventions of their predecessors. Indeed, the inclusion of several Lords in the new Government was viewed with a little resentment.

Radical Laborist (dropping his Karl Marx and red flag). 'Bli'me!'

[*Labor Ministry: First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Chelmsford; Lord President of the Council, Lord Parmoor; Lord Chancellor, Lord Haldane.* — *Sydney Bulletin*]

The London *Labour Magazine*, an official Party monthly, carries an advertisement of Hotel Belgravia, which describes that hostelry as 'favored by the patronage of the leaders of the Labor Party.'

An amusing incident not unrelated with the new status of Labor was the luncheon given by the aristocratic West End, Carlton Club, to fifty-five workingmen — bricklayers, painters, and laborers — who were employed in remodeling its palatial home. The Lords not only served their guests with the same menu and wines that they furnish on formal occasions to their own members, but they entertained them with Conservative after-dinner oratory. Lord Claud Hamilton amused his guests by analyzing their thoughts while they had been looking upon the interior of the Club from the outside: —

Some of you might make some remarkable comments in regard to us. We are the most aristocratic and the most exclusive club in the world, but we are not narrow-minded. I can imagine some of you looking through the window at a man rushing through a lot of newspapers and throwing them in a heap on the floor. You wondered what can be the matter with a man in that frame of mind. It really means he was a member who the previous night had made a speech in the House of Commons, and he was looking to see if he had been reported.

All of this does not appeal especially to the editors of the London *Daily Herald*, which comments: —

There was some apprehension, we read, as to whether the guests would behave nicely, whether they would distinguish correctly between the use of knife and of fork, and so on. Far from betraying self-consciousness, however, they bore themselves naturally, most of them with a humorous enjoyment of the situation, all of them with the quiet dignity and good sense which are characteristics of genuine men and women all the world over.

The self-consciousness was shown by the hosts. To begin with, they behaved like bounders in puffing the affair in the newspapers. 'How condescending of us!' they seemed to be saying. 'How generous! Only English gentlemen would think of asking these workin' fellers to lunch.' Only English snobs, we should say, would trumpet their condescension. . . . They were simply unable to see beyond their trumpery wealth and titles; they are literally incapable of behaving naturally and decently when they have to do with people whom they consider beneath them in the social scale.

✠

CHINA'S PERENNIAL DISCORD

CHINA is furnishing an unusually thrifty crop of civil-war prophecies this spring. General Wu Pei-fu, who defeated the Mukden leader, Chang Tso-lin, two years ago, has been busy since that indecisive success strengthening his position against Doctor Sun

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yat-sen and that gentleman's allies in the south, and his old-time opponent in Manchuria. His authority in central China is reported to be much more real than that of the Peking Government, if ability to collect revenues, to disburse them in an orderly manner, and to enforce obedience upon his soldiery are tests of sovereignty. He is even suspected of tolerating the shadowy Government at Peking because it forms a convenient smoke-screen between himself and importunate foreign influences.

However, if Wu Pei-fu has no serious rivals in central China, he has many minor colleagues who, although they do not aspire beyond being local autocrats, would not welcome a reunited China. These partisans of disunion can rely on support from Mukden and Canton whenever Wu Pei-fu's supremacy threatens the northern or southern rulers.

Meanwhile organized Labor is raising its head — or heads — in China, and the All-China Industrial Salvation Union, the Shanghai Weavers' Union, the All-China Workers' Self-Salvation Union, the Shanghai-Chekiang Workmen's Union in Shanghai, the Kiangsu Confederate Workmen's Union, the P. H. R. Workers' Union, the Chinese World-War Workers' Union in Shanghai, the Shanghai Workmen's Voluntary Help Union, the Seamen's Union, and the Anhwei Workmen's Union have addressed a joint letter to Mr. Karakhan, the Soviet envoy in China, on the occasion of Lenin's death, and a letter of different wording to the Secretaries of State of Great Britain, on the occasion of the appointment of a Labor Cabinet, describing their oppression under the combined weight of capitalism and military governments. To quote from an English translation of the latter letter, in the *North China Herald:* —

The little development of the Chinese labor movement is a recent affair. In the history of the world labor movement, it is quite young. In regard to us laborers, our education is very scanty and our organization weak, for which we are very sorry.

Not to mention the mercilessness of the capitalists and the cruelty of the militarists and government officials, our new and most detestable enemies are those outcast politicians and rascally scholars. They call themselves by the respectable name of Socialists, but take the opportunity offered by the labor movement to realize their disreputable and dangerous plots for attaining their selfish aims. They say they are helping us laborers, but in fact they are using us as a cat's-paw. They have nothing in view but to cheat and tempt us, and, by means of exploitation, to further their own personal power and increase the chance of profiting themselves. As animals that have made preying on us their business of life, the so-called Socialists are not a little bit less merciless than the capitalists and government officials. They only know how to harm us.

*

SOUTH AFRICAN SECESSIONISM

A REVIEWER of Lord Buxton's life of General Botha, writing in the *New Statesman*, describes South Africa as one of the most difficult countries in the world to govern.

'There are here,' as General Botha once said to Lord Buxton, 'three great and disturbing problems, factors which do not exist in any other Dominion — Natives and Whites, British and Boer, Dutch and Dutch'; to which he might have added the question of Indian immigration. In such a country party passions might be expected to run high. Furthermore, the unusual altitude of Johannesburg and the crowded Rand district undoubtedly affects the nerves of the inhabitants. A prominent Labor leader wrote to Lord Buxton, after one of the periodical Rand ferments, 'I often think how much more tranquil the country would have been if the gold mines had been found at an altitude of a thousand, instead of six thousand, feet above sea

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

level.' Dutch and English, in that climate, acquire a new emotionalism and irritability without losing any of their native stubbornness. Nor, in recent years, have they had a fair chance to grow cool, for the history of South Africa in the last quarter of a century has consisted of nothing but crises — a war, a peace; an effort toward union; another war and a local rebellion before that union has had time to establish itself in people's minds. To quote General Botha again: 'No sooner is South Africa out of one trouble than she is plunged into another. The road is nothing but drifts and spruits.'

When we add to all this that the Parliamentary capital of the Union (Capetown) is no less than a thousand miles from the Administrative Centre (Pretoria), so that it takes a Minister two days to get from his place in Parliament to his office stool, it will be seen that Lord Buxton uses mild language when he describes the task of a South African Premier as 'not a bed of roses.'

Notwithstanding all this, General Smuts has had a longer lease of power than any other war-premier. He is now threatened with the loss of his hold upon the country, providing the alliance between the Boer Nationalists, who advocate withdrawal from the Empire, and the Radical Laborists of the Rand stands the strain of the general election to occur next June. A former British member of the Parliament of the Union, who was not an unqualified supporter of General Smuts, writes in the *Westminster Gazette* that the Premier's opponent, General Herzog, is 'a strange, hard man, with a tortuous mind and a great command of oratory.' He has been a Secessionist almost from the beginning of his political career, and openly so since he withdrew from the Botha Cabinet thirteen years ago. What will he do if he returns to the new Parliament with a majority behind him?

One must pray that if he becomes Prime Minister of South Africa his thunder in the past will prove to have been produced by a battering of tea trays behind the scenes, and that the moderation of his policy may be as different from his words as the milk-and-water action of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is compared with the former roaring of the Labor Party in England. Possession of office has a way of modifying propagandists both here and in South Africa.

*

RELIGIOUS PALLIATIVES IN JAPAN

As our readers are already aware, the growth of radicalism in Japan has been most disconcerting to the governing classes of that country for several years. Indeed, it has created problems that have threatened to express themselves in foreign politics — to the possible disturbance of world peace. The Premier, Viscount Kiyoura, possibly acting on the suggestion of the reprehended Soviet motto, 'Religion is a narcotic for the masses,' recently inaugurated a plan to use the services of religious leaders to guide popular thought and social theories. He called together the representatives of the various sects of Buddhism at his official residence, made a speech deploring the demoralizing tendencies of the day, and asked their aid to discourage radical talk and radical action among the people, and to win back the public mind to the old-time love of settled institutions and domestic peace.

Whatever the Buddhist leaders may have thought of the project, it has received little encouragement from a skeptical press. *Yomiuri*, which no one would accuse of revolutionary sympathies, says that if the Government wants to direct the thought of the people into safer lines it must entrust the task to leaders who understand the causes of the present unrest. Those causes are very much of this world and not of the world to come; and 'a wide gulf separates modern ideas and Buddhism.' Tokyo *Asahi* recognizes the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

danger that lies in the present confused and restless state of the public mind, but the people at fault are the politicians and public men — and even some of the Buddhist leaders themselves. 'Prominent Buddhist priests, for instance, have been washing their dirty linen in public by quarreling over claims to power or material treasure in the administration of temple affairs.'

Asahi then proceeds to read Viscount Kiyoura a sermon to the effect that 'religion loses its life when it allows itself to be exploited for political purposes. Ideas thrive only in the soil of freedom. The only wise way for statesmen to treat ideas is to respect them. It is a gross mistake for the police or the judiciary to try to control public thought. Serious evils spring from arbitrarily forcing reverence for the gods and Buddha on the people. A display of superficial loyalty and patriotism is often pregnant with dangerous possibilities.'

Nichi Nichi declares that politics and religion must as a matter of course remain separated. This does not belittle the duty of religious leaders, whether Buddhist, Shinto, or Christian, but their teaching becomes sterile and useless as soon as it is made the servant of political interests or doctrines.

♣

FRANCE'S BLACK-TROOP PROBLEMS

COLONEL LOTTE, a veteran colonial officer, contributes some interesting observations to *La France Militaire* upon the art of commanding colored troops.

The native in general, and the native of West Africa in particular, will not obey and give good service unless he knows his European officers thoroughly, until he has studied them and seen them at work.

After mentioning the frequent failures of badly commanded Senegalese units during the war, and numerous instances of serious offenses against discipline, he adds: —

The native has an instinctive sentiment of justice. Unfair punishment wounds him deeply and continues to rankle in his heart. His resentment knows no bounds, and may induce him to kill the officer whom he thinks responsible. On the other hand, he will bear without protest the severest punishment, if he believes himself at fault.

Conventional methods of discipline enforced by inexperienced officers so frequently do violence to the black soldier's sense of fairness that there is danger of creating a widespread spirit of insubordination and mutiny in the native army units.

The colored soldier is amenable to reasoning. He likes to have his officer talk to him; he attends to what the latter says, and he believes him. The faculty of explaining things simply and comprehensibly to the troops, who are always very attentive, is therefore of prime importance. Furthermore, officers must retain the moral respect of the natives by correct living, scrupulous attention to personal appearance, and absolute impartiality.

As the proportion of colored colonial troops in the French army is increasing with the shortened term of compulsory service in France itself, the problem of handling them grows more important. And that is largely a problem of selecting and educating the officers who command them.

Furthermore, colored units need and will always need a reliable nucleus of European troops in addition to the officers. These should be volunteers, enlisted and reënlisted for long terms of service, to serve as drillmasters, and to perform technical services. This white nucleus now constitutes, and must always constitute, the skeleton of the native army.

♣

GERMANY'S HARRIED STUDENTS

PROFESSOR LEVIN L. SCHÜCKING, of Breslau University, relates in a recent issue of the *New Statesman* personal experiences described to him by his stu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents and former students that illustrate the difficulties of life in Germany to-day *inter alia:* —

The other day one of my students came to me. He is a native of Upper Silesia and attends the University of Breslau. The decision of the League of Nations has made his native town part of Poland. The Poles have — for reasons which need not be mentioned — raised the fees for a passport to *five pounds!* It would, I dare say, not be very easy to find a German student to-day who is able to pay five pounds for a passport. Very many of them are happy if they have that much to use for the expenses of a whole term. So he tried to pass over the frontier without a passport. But he was not favored by fortune, and found himself on the following day in a Polish prison-cell, together with two murderers. If his father had not come to his assistance and bribed a Polish official he would probably be still there. It is the kind of occurrence which has become so frequent nowadays that it is scarcely talked about any more. Another case: a lady teacher — a former pupil of mine — in the Rhineland some months ago received a visit from a French gendarme. He appeared at ten o'clock at night and brought her an order to leave the town for good, by train at four o'clock the same night, failing which she would be imprisoned at Koblenz on the following day. She had received no warning, she had never had any difficulties with the occupation authorities, but she was known to be a patriotic German, though by no means a *chauviniste.*

OBLIGATORY OPTIMISM

Bagaría satirizes the Directory's effort to create Coué psychology in Spain. — *El Sol*

✻

MINOR NOTES

THE Tory *National Review* is inclined to deplore the widely lauded project of Major Astor, who has acquired a controlling interest in the *Times*, to place Britain's historical journal of opinion beyond the reach of special privileges or sensational exploitation under the wing of a supervising committee. Such a policy board, consisting for instance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the President of the Royal Society, the Lord Chief Justice, and gentlemen of a similar type, would make the *Times* 'an organ of Mugwumpery, reflecting the atmosphere of, say, the Athenæum Club, and ultimately read by few persons outside the higher academic circles. . . . You might just as well put the *Times* under the League of Nations at once and have done with it.'

BACK TO THE BRUTE

A Socialist caricature of the *Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei*, the champion of German reaction. — *Vorwärts*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRESENT SOCIAL SYSTEM

BY L. P. JACKS

From the *Hibbert Journal, April*
(LONDON THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY)

A GENIAL Irishman, cutting peat in the wilds of Connemara, was once asked by a pedestrian Englishman to direct him on his way to Letterfrack. With the wonted enthusiasm of his race the Irishman flung himself into the problem and, taking the wayfarer to the top of a hill commanding a wide prospect of bogs, lakes, and mountains, proceeded to give him, with more eloquence than precision, a copious account of the route to be taken. He then concluded as follows: ''T is the divil's own country, sorr, to find your way in. But a gintleman with a face like your honor's can't miss the road; though, if it was meself that was going to Letterfrack, faith, *I would n't start from here.*'

The good word we have to offer for our present social system amounts to little more than a plea for regarding it as a favorable starting-point for further progress. At all events no other is possible — a remark, perhaps, that would hardly be worth making were it not that certain social reformers in these times, like the excellent Irishman just quoted, seem reluctant to start from where they are — a state of mind very noticeable, for example, among the Bolsheviki of Russia and among extremists generally. We intend, however, to go a little further than mere emphasis on the impossibility of starting from where we are not. Our contention will be that the present social system, while shockingly defective as a point of arrival or finished product of the ages, is yet of singular promise as a point of departure or beginning of better things; nay, the best point of departure we can think of.

Were a heavenly architect to go the round of all the inhabited worlds in search of a social system that he could make something of and remodel according to patterns shown him on the Mount, it would not surprise us if he pitched upon our own as the one most favorable for the exercise of his art and the worthiest of his best endeavors. And this in spite of social evils actually in being at the moment — evils on a scale so vast and of a malignity so frightful that a selected list of them would read like a catalogue of Hell's masterpieces. These dark phenomena our heavenly architect would not overlook, but his attention would be focused on something else. Like another Architect we have heard of, he would accept the system before him as susceptible of immense transformation, the best, therefore, for the purpose he had in view, even though its achievement demanded the sacrifice of his own life, as might very well happen. 'This social system,' he would say, 'has possibilities; it admits its own shortcomings; with all its defects, therefore, the angels in Heaven rejoice over it more than over ninety-and-nine social systems hard-set in the conviction of their own finality.'

There is a point beyond which preoccupation with social evils is not good for men in general. Or, to speak more guardedly, it is a misfortune when the consciousness of society becomes pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dominantly a consciousness of social evils, and when the accepted method of reform is to attack the system which produces them. Under these circumstances there comes into being a habit of mind which lowers the social vitality and causes a loss of social nerve at the very points where the need for both is greatest; while the temper of society, always the chief factor of its health, becomes sour, embittered, despondent, and quarrelsome, like that of a querulous invalid — a psychological condition often confused with a salutary discontent, but far less favorable to human progress. It is not the consciousness of evil, but the consciousness of good, that inspires reform with the strongest motives and the wisest plans.

In estimating the merits and demerits of our present social system it is important to remember that our station as judges falls inside and not outside the system we are judging. As there is no such thing as a 'disinterested and impartial spectator' of the system of nature, — though philosophers have often reasoned as if there were, — so there is no such thing as a disinterested and impartial spectator of the system of society. Whoever undertakes to call either system to account will find that the standards which guide his reasoning and the ideals which determine his verdict are ultimately derived from the very system that is under examination — a consideration which, when duly weighed, may lead to a reversal of the judgment he would otherwise be inclined to pass.

The present social system, like the system of nature, covers a field of phenomena so immense in range and so diversified in quality that descriptive analysis, even when most thoroughgoing, leaves the mind with a sense of incompleteness. Of the attempts that have been made 'to survey mankind from China to Peru' we know of none that can be reckoned more than a sketch. So, too, in the matter of valuation. Within the wide compass of the ground covered there is room for evils on a scale so enormous as to obsess the imagination to the exclusion of everything else, and yet without sensibly diminishing the room that remains for the countervailing goods. Indeed it were hardly an exaggeration to say that within the social system, and packed, as it were, into smaller compass, the whole variety of nature, its teeming fertility in forms and values, will be found reproduced in human equivalents.

Let the reader make a visit to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington; let him concentrate his thought for a moment on the inexhaustible opulence of nature in contriving the animal forms he sees around him, the endless variety of size, shape, color, structure, function, and expression; from the tiny ant to the monster Elephantidæ; from the loathsome leech to the gorgeous bird of paradise; from the innocent rabbit to the ferocious tiger; from works of darkness like the louse, mere crawling bellies and incarnate beastliness, to creatures of the light, like the humming bird, whose beauty seems to embody a moment of perfect joy and is the despair of art.

Let him then turn his thought to the social system, and a similar multiplicity of impressions will confront him. The ant and the Elephantidæ, the leech and the bird of paradise, the rabbit and the tiger, the louse and the humming bird, are all there under the names of their human equivalents.

Between the best and the worst for which the social system can be held responsible there lies an immense distance crowded with intermediate values in every gradation. In vain do we search for a summary formula to cover diversities so vast of modes, values,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

types, and tendencies. We say 'materialism,' for example, and instantly a spiritual phenomenon presents itself to contradict us. Even Mr. Bertrand Russell, who rifles the dictionary of words ending in 'ism' to describe the forces at work, — industrialism, commercialism, nationalism, capitalism, socialism, patriotism, imperialism, officialism, utilitarianism, mechanism, humanism, and many others, — even Mr. Russell, we say, leaves us asking for more. His catalogue is far from complete.

Regarded as a topic for 'discussion,' — not the least conspicuous of the functions it now fulfills, — our present social system can provide us with material for whatever speech we desire to make. We can pitch the key on any note from the blackest pessimism to the most radiant optimism, and by diligently seeking out our evidence in the proper quarter we can play what tune we please; just as, by attending to the contents of particular glass-cases in the South Kensington Museum, we can prove nature to be God's or the Devil's according to our *parti pris*.

As between the two tendencies or lines of choice there can be little doubt that the discoursing of our time finds the stronger attraction at the dark end of the scale. For one discourse that gives society credit for any virtue, you may hear a dozen that denounce it as full of vice. The line of least resistance — always followed by the speaker who has to say something but has nothing to say — is clearly in that direction. We are aware of notable exceptions, but they are not enough to efface the general impression that, in what we are *saying* to one another, on the platform and through the press, the evil fruits of our social system are being more actively exploited than the good. The fierce attacks upon it, which are now a dominant note of reforming propaganda, the vogue of writers, especially novelists, who exhibit contemporary life in the most unfavorable colors, the immense growth of the literature of discouragement, and the general demand for the exposure of social culpability, which this literature at once satisfies and stimulates — all this might suggest the conclusion that a vast conspiracy exists to deprive society of its self-respect.

The conclusion, of course, would be false. The explanation is that whenever men are agreed, as they seem to be in these times, to rate the spoken word higher than the acted deed, the evil of the world is bound to get magnified out of its due proportions. Judging the importance of things by the degree in which they lend themselves to public contentiousness, a standard of values peculiar to the parliamentary age, we inevitably give to evil a prominence to which it is not really entitled. For there is more to be *said* about evil things than there is about good things, more about vice than about virtue, more about sickness than about health, more about the Devil than about God. The vocabulary of blame is wider than the vocabulary of praise; its terms are more easily found, and the habit of using them more rapidly acquired; while fear — the mother of accusation — is more voluble than courage, which is, on the whole, a very silent quality and indistinguishable, in its highest manifestations, from love.

If you cultivate the eloquence of blame the scope of your indictment will expand without limit; the more you say the more will remain to be said, and you may go on making speeches forever. But if, like Saint Francis, you cultivate the eloquence of praise you will be met at every stage of your progress by a law of Diminishing Returns. As you pass from the evil to the good, from the good to the better,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the better to the best, you will find it continually harder to do justice to your theme; the satisfaction of 'hitting the mark' so easily found when abuses are being exposed or lies nailed to the counter will now be increasingly difficult to find; the area of discourse will contract, its values acquiring an intensity which language cannot overtake; you will have less and less to say, until, at last, when you come to the Very Best you will be struck completely dumb and have nothing to say at all. The Very Best is no theme for oratory. Even art lacks the means of expressing it.

The bias of the tongue being always in the direction of indictment it is easy to understand how the habit has arisen of interpreting our social system in terms of the evil features rather than of the good. From the moment the social system became a popular theme of discourse it was inevitable that attention would focus on its darker phenomena, and that these would be exploited out of proportion to their contraries. We are far, indeed, from wishing to convey that our social evils are orator-made, — we began by admitting their portentous reality, — but they are parts of a whole, the significance of which is obscured by the vociferous method of presenting them. And it is an observation open to all who care to make it that the process of overcoming these evils is being seriously retarded by the social despondency and self-contempt which result from the prevalent habit of tearing them out of their context and exhibiting them as the essential characteristics of society. This state of mind, with the sick fancies, low thoughts, corroding cynicisms, and mutual recriminations attendant upon it, this we have no hesitation in describing as orator-made — a social evil apart from the others and perhaps greater than any one of them. There was a time when theology waxed eloquent over the total depravity of human nature. Much harm was done by that practice, but not more than is being done to-day by the analogous doctrine of the total depravity of the social system. Both doctrines are gross exaggerations, and the exaggerations are orator-made.

We have alluded above to the difficulty of selecting, from among the endless variety of products for which the social system is responsible, any single phenomenon as typical, representative, or characteristic of the tendencies in operation. Social detraction indeed has experienced no difficulty in this matter. It has pitched upon the parasite and the toiler, upon the idle rich and the miserable poor, upon great wealth and great poverty, as the characteristic products; it has found abundant evidence in favor of that selection, and by the force of repetition has impressed it on the popular mind; with the result, of course, that the social system, continually interpreted in terms so sinister, has been placed on the black list. But oratory of this kind is biased toward the darker or more provocative end of things, and we cannot escape the conviction that in this matter our orators have misled us, not by misstating the facts, but by undue emphasis on some and by oversight of others. The interpretation of the social system as a machine for grinding out great riches and great poverty owes its effectiveness for fighting-purposes to that tendency of human nature which leads us, in spite of the inherent absurdity, to blame one another for our miseries. For that reason, if for no other, we suspect this view of being an oratorical distortion.

After reviewing all the types and specimens open to our observation, the one figure in modern life who seems to us to gather up more of its inner ten-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dencies and to have a better claim than any other to represent the essential nature of our social system is the figure of the social reformer himself. We regard our social system as best characterized by *the capacity it shows for self-reformation*, and not by any of the evils that need reforming, glaring and terrible as these unquestionably are; just as we regard our neighbors and ourselves as best characterized not by our sins — which taken by themselves would lead us to believe in total depravity — but by our power of rising above them. Asked, then, to name our representative, to make our selection of individuals in whom the innermost nature of our social system stands most fully revealed, we should not betake ourselves either to the slums or to the palaces, but rather to those middle regions where the coexistence of slums and palaces is most clearly apprehended as a thing which ought not to be. Were we, for example, to hear a member of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's party characterizing some resplendent duke as a typical product of our social system, but refusing to recognize that the social system had anything to do with production of himself and of his leaders, we should think that he was chargeable with manifest absurdity.

To the social reformer, then, we venture to point as the best interpreter of our social system, as the most complete exponent of its significance and essential values. We point to him because he, more than any other, represents the capacity of our social system to reform itself, which we regard as its deepest characteristic. And among social reformers we select those who display the firmest faith in this capacity, however little or much we may happen to approve of their methods. Borrowing a style of language used in a wider connection, we define the social reformer as one in whom the capacity of the system for self-reformation has become self-conscious. Whoever the individual may be in whom that self-consciousness is clearest and most active, him we pick out as affording the safest clue to the meaning of the whole system to which he belongs. Having a high respect for social reformers of this quality, we cannot but have a higher respect for the social system whose direct and authentic offspring they are. Hence our desire to say a good word on its behalf.

Our selection of the social reformer as the representative member of the social system must be understood as including his whole equipment and apparatus; the material he works in, the method he makes use of, the knowledge he applies, the ideals that guide him in the application, the accumulated skill that lies ready to his service, the social stabilities that ensure the results of his efforts, the public good-will that supports them, and the general intelligence that accepts them for what they are worth.

The material he works in is, to begin with, wealth; wealth in the common acceptance of the term, especially in the form known as 'the means of production.' Of this wealth enough is said to be in existence to afford a comfortable livelihood to every member of the community. However that may be, there is certainly an enormous amount of it. We are not concerned to deny any proposition that may be brought forward as to its unjust distribution or to exonerate the social system from responsibility for the alleged injustice. We call attention to the main fact that the wealth exists; that by its existence it provides the social reformer with raw material that he needs for achieving a higher civilization, and we affirm that he is indebted for its existence to the present social system. Had the feudal system persisted to this day the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amount of wealth in the world would be so exiguous that the question of its nationalization, or other summary mode of putting it to its best uses, would be shorn of its essential significance. So, too, certain drastic views on private property recently put forward, notably by Mr. Bertrand Russell, would hardly be worth maintaining were it not for the enormous amount of property which our present social system has brought into being — a fact which this school of writers shows some tendency to overlook.

Whatever vice may be charged against the system for having given rise to the existing distribution of wealth, we must not refuse it the credit of creating the wealth to the just distribution of which we attach so much importance. That the inheritance is regarded as valuable seems sufficiently proved by the intensity of the battles that are waged over the question of its ownership. Of its extent nothing need be said beyond a word of indication. It includes the whole 'plant' of industrial civilization, not omitting the centres of industrial activity, the towns and cities great and small, with all their complex mechanism both ponderable and imponderable, their arteries of traffic, their means of communication, their streets, their banks, offices, exchanges, and markets. The means of production include all these things and many others of like nature. Our social system surely deserves a good word for the part it has played in their creation. One may at least say that society has made itself worth reforming.

But beyond all this, and perhaps even more essential to the equipment of the reformer, stands the whole body of the positive sciences in their ever-multiplying variety and ever-increasing value for the amelioration of human life, every one of them with its own contribution to make to the technique of a higher civilization; every one of them a witness to the capacity of our social system to reform itself. The positive sciences are the fruits of that system in exactly the same sense that idle luxury and miserable poverty are its fruits at the darker end of the scale; with science at his elbow the powers of the reformer are illimitable, while without it he could do nothing. With this fact before us may we not say that when social reform has no other conception of its mission than that of attacking the social system it becomes, essentially, an attack on its own mother?

Much more might be added to the same effect. But the reader whose mind has been started on the track we have indicated will have no difficulty in filling out the picture for himself. The points we have emphasized are enough for the modest purpose we began with — that of saying a good word on behalf of a system which it has now become the fashion to place on the black list.

We have heard the story of a divine in these parts who delivered a course of sermons on the 'Five Senses — their uses in this world and the next.' Coming at last to the sense of smell, he assured his flock that, though in this world there were many smells, in the next there would be only two — incense and brimstone.

So, too, there is a well-known type of reformer who would have us believe that our present social system smells only of two things — luxury and misery. We think him unfair. . . .

It is in the interests of good temper, and from no want of pity for the sorrows of mankind, of which we are abundantly conscious, that we have ventured this modest word on behalf of our present social system. To good temper, and to general thankfulness as the essence of it, we attach more importance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a means of improving the world than to anybody's 'programme.' Nay, we do not hesitate to affirm that in an atmosphere of bad temper and of general ingratitude nobody's 'programme' is worth the paper on which it is written, still less the oratory expended in proclaiming it. In such an atmosphere social reform is futile. We wish all that were more widely recognized, and we shall continue to do our best to promote its recognition; our belief being that, if the facts mentioned in this article were duly pondered, many a one who is now cursing his fellow men for the faults of the social system would be found praising God that there is any social system at all. And that, we submit, would be, of itself, a great social reform.

JAPAN'S SILENT MUSSOLINI

BY TOSHIO YOSHIDA

[*The article that follows is based upon the author's collection of anecdotes relating to Mitsuru Toyama, the remarkable man, almost unknown outside his country, who is rumored to exercise a powerful influence over the fortunes of Japan. The introductory paragraphs are from an earlier article in the* Japan Advertiser.]

From the *Japan Advertiser, February* 10, 23
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

THERE lives in Reinanzaka, in a small, unpretentious house, a stout-hearted, forceful, and old-fashioned man. His face is covered with a great gray beard, and his shrewd dark eyes flash from under shaggy brows. His name, Mitsuru Toyama, is unknown to most foreigners, for he lives secluded, never raising his voice in self-advertisement, never placing himself before the public. But to all Japanese his name is a household word. His power is felt from the lowliest coolie to the proudest statesman.

Mitsuru Toyama might be called the modern Robin Hood, since he is the leader of an enormous band of loyal retainers who love to call themselves Ronin — retaining the ancient samurai title which to every Japanese signifies dauntless valor, kindness, and justice. This band, preaching and practising the doctrine of force, is ever ready to supersede man-made laws should these laws fail to satisfy their sense of justice and mercy. Toyama is their ruler, and his slightest word is taken as a command to be carried out in the face of all barriers. He is feared as no other man in Japan is feared, not for his own physical strength, which still is powerful despite his seventy years, but for the moral grip he has over hundreds of men.

Toyama is known as the organizer of the Genyosha Club, a band of modern Ronin. The club first gained publicity when one of its members, angered by some act of Marquis Okuma, attacked the statesman with a bomb. This band burns with heroic fervor, and is ready to defy all laws, commit murder — any-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing that their leader believes will further the cause of the nation. Toyama has been the President for many years, and only recently resigned from active leadership on account of his age, turning over the reins to one of his trusted followers. But he still remains the moving spirit, and his wishes are law.

The history of Toyama's life is a tale of chivalrous gallantry. He has always championed the weak and poor, and in scores of important political events during the past fifty years he has been one of the leading figures, a real power behind the scenes. His home has been a refuge for political outcasts from other countries. Sun Yat-sen at one time was his guest, and before the dawn of the Chinese republic several Chinese revolutionaries planned in his house a plot to overthrow the Manchu throne. Indian revolutionaries have also sought and found shelter with Toyama when they were persecuted by the Japanese and British Governments for attempting plots against the colonial powers.

When the first Yamamoto Cabinet was formed about ten years ago, the Premier and his Government became implicated in the notorious naval scandal. Despite tremendous public opposition, Premier Yamamoto held out, refusing to resign, as he knew in his own conscience that he was guiltless. High naval officials, proved guilty of accepting bribes, were stripped of their rank and sent to prison. The Premier remained intrepid, however, until the situation became critical, threatening to result in a nation-wide revolution, but the Genro were afraid to make suggestions to the Premier.

The hour for which Toyama had waited at last arrived. He left his house, went direct to Premier Yamamoto, and said, 'Never have I doubted your innocence in this matter, but to ease the mind of His Majesty the Emperor, to pacify the public rage, and for the sake of national peace, I wish you would resign.'

That was sufficient. The next day Premier Yamamoto resigned, and the Okuma Cabinet was formed.

In 1916 two Hindu revolutionists named Gupta and Takur came to Japan to plot against the colonial government. They had failed in a former attempt, and came to Japan, where they believed they could work unmolested. But they were wrong, for at that hour the world was in a mighty conflict. Japan was doing her best to aid the Allies against Germany. The Metropolitan police discovered the Indian radicals and ordered them to leave on the next steamer for Shanghai, where the British officials would immediately arrest them. The Indians asked for a few days' grace in order that they might take a steamer bound for America, but the police were adamant.

Toyama heard of the plight of the Hindus, and called them to his home. He asked them if they were acting in collusion with the Germans. The Indians stoutly denied the charge, saying that they were merely revolutionaries who had been forced to leave India, and meant no harm to the Allied cause. Toyama was satisfied, and gave them lodging. The next morning detectives called at Toyama's home, and angrily asked for the deliverance of the Indian fugitives. Toyama said, 'They left last night. Search my house if you do not believe me and time and effort make no difference to you.' The police took Toyama at his word and left without further inquiries. To this day no one knows just what became of the Indian fugitives.

A few years ago, when the engagement of the Prince Regent to the Crown Princess Nagako was announced, it was whispered that one of the Genro was displeased and his opposition was re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

garded as serious, according to the story. One day, after public excitement and concern had reached a high pitch, a certain official called on Toyama and appealed for assistance. Toyama immediately called on the Genro, and told him in no uncertain words that if he persisted in his opposition his personal safety could not be assured. The opposition was immediately withdrawn and the tense situation became relaxed.

Toyama's generosity and absolute disregard for his own comforts and fortune are illustrated by the following story. Several years ago he sold a valuable coal-mine in Hokkaido for 100,000 yen. He carried the money in ten-yen notes to his house, where he placed it in an ordinary chest of drawers, leaving it unlocked. When the poor or needy came to him for financial aid, Toyama would say, 'How thick?' Laughing at the puzzled expression on the face of his visitor, Toyama would then explain that he wanted to know how thick a package of ten-yen bank notes the visitor wanted! At length one of Toyama's followers, fearing his revered leader's generosity would soon reduce him to poverty, asked him how much of the 100,000 yen he had left. Toyama pointed to the chest of drawers nonchalantly, and said: 'I don't know. Please look for yourself.' The retainer found that the supply of notes was almost exhausted.

Another tale illustrates his fearlessness. While he was still a young man he once incited the anger of his colleagues, whom he had made the object of some youthful joke. His colleagues decided to thrash him severely, and perhaps to kill him should he resist. Armed with daggers they stole through the dark one night, and entered Toyama's sleeping-quarters. Toyama had heard of the planned attack, stripped himself almost naked, and armed himself with two swords preparatory for a desperate struggle. He had waited for a long time, and when the attackers failed to come had stretched out on the floor to rest and fallen fast asleep. When the band arrived and found their leader thus, they so admired his courage that they crept out without awakening him.

To-day there is not a red-blooded young man in Tokyo who is not eager to belong to the band of modern Ronin and work under his leadership. Thousands of persons are quite ready to offer their lives for the sake of this venerable old gentleman. At the time of the September earthquake and fire, a crowd composed of both Japanese and Koreans hurried to Toyama's residence, forgetful of self, to save the members of his family and to carry them out of danger.

School-children with poor memories may forget the name of the present Premier of Japan, but they know by heart the name of Mitsuru Toyama and his fame as a hero. Born of poor parentage in Nisshizin-machi, a small town in Fukuoka Prefecture on the island of Kyushu, and educated under strict Spartan discipline by a famous lady patriot of Fukuoka, Toyama was ever fond of reading and listening to stories of loyalists and heroes of other countries as well as of his own. Napoleon, Toyotomi Hideyoshi, or Taiko, and Kusunoki Masashige, a famous patriot during the reign of the Emperor Godaigo, were the favorite heroes of his boyhood.

Although his elder brothers supported the Toyama family by working in bamboo, young Mitsuru had no liking for such a trade. One January evening his family proposed that he launch himself on a career by hawking potatoes, to which he consented. His parents were greatly pleased that their obstinate son had agreed to do something useful. That night, however, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newly appointed potato-hawker suddenly jumped out of bed and began to ramble about from corner to corner of the house shouting in a loud voice: 'Do you want any potatoes?' He repeated this over and over until all the members of his family and the neighbors were awakened by the strange noise and his parents feared that he had gone mad. Being asked what the matter was, Mitsuru replied: 'I am training myself for hawking potatoes about the streets. Do not bother me,' and continued his shouts. His proposed potato-selling career came to an abrupt end then and there.

A little later his parents thought it wise to send their black sheep to a relative named Takatori, the keeper of a geta shop, where he became an apprentice and where he displayed his usual charitable and philanthropic action, as will be told.

Unfortunately the apprenticeship was not pleasing to him, and he lost no time in amicably extricating himself from it. One day the proprietor went out to lay in a new stock, merely telling the boy to keep the shop during his absence, but carelessly forgetting to instruct his apprentice as to the price of the geta. Toyama was not so faithless as to take a holiday because his master was gone, but seated himself in the centre of the shop to wait for customers.

A neighbor, seeing Toyama in charge of the shop, scornfully pointed out several pair of geta, asking the price. 'Five sen,' replied Toyama. The customer was so pleased at such an extraordinarily cheap price that he began to sort over the more expensive geta until Toyama, becoming tired of his customer's indecision, suggested that he take any pair of geta in the shop at the same price of five sen. Thinking it wise to lay in a good supply while the innocent boy was in charge, the customer paid five sen a pair and left the shop, deeply bowing his appreciation.

The triumphant customer, carrying his purchases in both hands, immediately spread the news of the record-breaking price to his neighbors, so that a crowd of customers rushed to 'Toyama's shop.' The demand for geta was so great that practically all of the stock was sold within an hour or so, the average price being five sen a pair. Customer after customer bowed deeply to the boy on leaving the shop, and Toyama smiled complacently at his charitable action.

When the proprietor of the shop returned he was overjoyed on finding that nearly all his stock had been disposed of and began to admire the business ability of his new apprentice. But when he asked young Toyama how he had so quickly mastered the business and what the profits were, Toyama replied: 'All of the geta were sold at five sen a pair.' The proprietor was thunderstuck on receiving such an unexpected explanation of the empty prosperity that had come to his shop during his absence. He sent the boy back to his parents, being somewhat fearful of the repetition of the incident, and young Toyama considered himself as lucky as a bird freed from its cage.

Toyama was once walking along a river bank with some boy companions when he saw Oshio, a friend of his, drowning in the river. While his comrades and other passers-by stood idly about, not knowing what to do, Toyama sprang into the water and dragged his friend to safety after a great struggle. Life-saving interested him more than shopkeeping.

For a considerable time he roamed about the country on no particular business at all. Before making the ascent of a high mountain, he spent the night in an old and deserted temple to Kwannon in silent meditation, where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was revealed to him the virtue of generosity and benevolence. Was he a priest? No. Was he a hermit? No. What was he? No one knew.

While at the temple he became hungry, but to his great joy he found a cottage where an old woman sold cakes. Toyama, who neither drinks nor smokes, has always had a great fondness for cakes. He entered the cottage and innocently began eating the cakes he found there. The old woman finally asked him if he would please stop eating, as she had to provide for other customers as well. Toyama immediately understood her true reason, for she was unable to judge from his clothes whether or not he intended to pay for the cakes, and at once stopped eating. As a tip he gave her a yen and left the cottage. So amazed was the woman at the gracious gift that as long as Toyama remained in sight she stood in the doorway of her cottage, bowing her thanks to his retreating back.

Toyama never wore silk until he was thirty-five years old. His usual dress was the simple Kurume *gasuri* or tunic of cotton cloth produced at Kurume in Fukuoka Prefecture.

When Toyama first visited Nagasaki he went to the most famous Japanese inn and restaurant, but was told that all rooms had already been engaged. Toyama then asked the clerk for a cup of tea, which was given him. After a sip or two, Toyama gave a tip of ten yen and left. On receiving such an abnormally high tip the clerk's attitude suddenly changed. He rushed out of the house barefooted, overtook the illustrious visitor and urged him to return to the inn as a room had been especially prepared for him. Toyama spent the night there.

The following day he called for the clerk and presented the inn with a scroll on which he had written: '*Ju Yen Ro*' — 'Ten-Yen Restaurant.' In later years, when Toyama had gained nation-wide fame, he revisited Nagasaki and was informed by the innkeeper that the restaurant had changed its original name to that of the 'Ten-Yen Restaurant,' and that Toyama's handwriting was kept as its most prized possession. No one in that earlier day anticipated that the innocent and taciturn Toyama would ever become a predominant power, controlling statesman and coolie alike.

In the beginning of his career of helping the poor and oppressed against the strong, he accidentally learned that a band of scoundrels had robbed poor people of all their money. Upon hearing this, Toyama's chivalrous spirit could not rest, and he went to the den of the chief scoundrel, entering and sitting there motionless like a great mountain. On perceiving the bandit leader, Toyama stared at him with his gentle but penetrating eyes, not once mentioning the main object of his visit. Strange as it may sound, the ringleader offered his apologies to the visitor and made a vow that never again would he rob the poor and weak. He then placed all his ill-gotten gain before Toyama, who said not a word but left the den. The money was returned to those from whom it had been taken.

In order to discover how well he could stand cold weather, Toyama spent a night sleeping on a bridge across the Samukawa in Tosa Prefecture while on his way to visit the late Count Toru Itagaki. The next morning his body was as strong as ever, while the bridge was covered with frost.

It is true that Toyama ruled the members of the Genyosha Club in Fukuoka-ken through his innocence and silence. It is an example of the 'conquest by silence.' A similar example is the case of the late Marquis Judo Saigo, the younger brother of the 'Great Saigo,' who was called the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Hero of Silence.' It is indeed remarkable that Saigo held the posts of Minister of the Navy and Minister of Home Affairs without making a single speech.

Toyama's pity and sympathy are well illustrated by a tale told of him while lying ill at Omori. A bee entered the room, and the nurse in attendance started to kill it, but Toyama asked her to leave it untouched, saying the bee would not hurt them. The insect fled without injuring anyone. A boy in the house was taking goldfish from the basin to cook them, when Toyama prevented him from doing so, giving him money instead. It is true that Toyama would not kill a flea.

Toyama was several times invited to form a Cabinet, which he flatly refused to do. He was once asked to become a member of the Diet, to which he laughingly replied that he would be pleased to accept membership if only he were elected from Kyushu.

Count Taro Katsura when Premier called on Toyama at his Reinanzaka residence, apparently to obtain political aid. Toyama made the Premier wait at the entrance for half an hour and refused the interview because of a previous engagement. He drew no distinction between the eminent guest and an ordinary visitor. It seems that Toyama, who was engaged in conversation with his first caller, forgot that the Premier was waiting, and the Premier finally left in despair.

The late Marquis Okuma used to say that Toyama's silence was of greater value than his own thousand and more speeches. To compare these two great men is very interesting. One is the 'Hero of Silence,' the other is the 'Hero of Speech.'

Toyama once called on the Marquis at his Waseda residence, where the two indulged in close conversation and promised each other to coöperate for the nation's prosperity. The Marquis had lost a leg as the result of a bomb thrown at him by Tsuneki Kurushima, a young patriot of Fukuoka, near the Foreign Office. I remember that in his conversation with Toyama the Marquis did not allude to the incident, but paid a flattering compliment to Toyama, saying that although it was their first meeting he saw much to admire in Toyama. As to Kurushima, I am not certain whether his action was erroneous from the viewpoint of true patriotism, but his last act was considered by the public as most praiseworthy for an assassin, for he killed himself on the spot, just as the samurai of other days committed hara-kiri.

Toyama once went to the home of Prince Matsukata, only to be informed that he could not see Matsukata, since he was just ready to set out for his villa at Kamakura. Toyama asked whether the Prince's neck was quite safe until the time of his arrival at his destination. Prince Matsukata at once received Toyama courteously and listened to his ideas concerning a certain political affair.

Toyama was at one time a client of Tokyo usurers, who agreed among themselves to press him for prompt payment of his debts. Toyama thereupon invited them to the Hamanoya restaurant, his regular refuge, in Hikagecho, Shiba-ku. Ushered into a nice room, the usurers were amazed to see Toyama surrounded by a crowd of beautiful geisha girls. In the midst of the banquet Toyama suddenly shouted: 'Stay here overnight. Everything is at your service. I shall have your money for you by to-morrow.' He ordered the servant to call a *kuruma*, and disappeared. True to his word, he returned in the morning with 15,000 yen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMANY'S ELECTION LINE-UP

BY A BELGIAN CORRESPONDENT

From *L'Indépendance Belge, April* 3
(BRUSSELS LIBERAL PROGRESSIVE DAILY)

EXACTLY four years to a day after Kapp's followers triumphantly entered Berlin through Brandenburg Gate, President Ebert dissolved the Reichstag. To-day a Putsch would seem superfluous. The Junker press is already celebrating its coming victory, and confidently proclaiming that the May elections will 'wipe out the disgrace of November 1918,' and give their deathblow to Democracy and Republicanism. *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*, which is only *Deutschnational* and does not go to the extreme of *Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei* organs, predicts jubilantly: 'We shall escape by a legal avenue from the fictitious Democracy of Weimar, which has paralyzed our energies. We shall rebuild from the bottom. We shall release the vital vigor of the nation by a new emancipation.' *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, which is strenuously Nordic, exults triumphantly: 'The path is clear. The first task of Germany's coming Government will be to overthrow the barriers that imprison us.' The Bavarians are more candid still. They summon 'the nation in arms' to strike off the shackles of the Versailles Peace.

It will be well, therefore, on the eve of an election that may decide the future of Europe, to review these opposing forces. It would be puerile and dangerous to assume offhand that all Germany is at the mercy of the Nationalists. That would signify an immediate resumption of hostilities and the end of European civilization. While it is true that a great majority of the Germans, even those who call themselves Democrats and true Republicans, hate the Treaty of Versailles and oppose complete disarmament, we must not forget that every party, except the Communists on the far Left and the *Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei* on the far Right, contains sensible men who measure realities coolly, and know that if Germany were to start a new war she would solidify the whole world against her.

One of the most remarkable features of present politics in Germany is the way voters are flocking from the moderate, middle-ground parties to the extremes on the Right and the Left. Not long ago men talked of the 'Centrist Tower' as an impregnable stronghold. Even when the Bavarian contingent — the Bavarian Peoples' Party — withdrew from the Clericals, the unity of the main Party was unimpaired.

But their organization began to crumble soon after Chancellor Wirth resigned. Old reactionary tendencies within their ranks, which had been kept in check by the tireless energy of Erzberger, speedily revived. To-day a majority of those still nominally Clericals are indistinguishable from the German Nationalists. The election platform published by their official organ, *Germania*, calls for the religious and moral renaissance of Germany. It does not even mention Democracy and a Republic, the two chief ideals of their assassinated leader. The Clericals have always been skillful at trimming their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sails to the wind. But they are expected to make a poor showing at the next election, though they will not be blotted out as some predict.

However, the Democrats, according to general prediction, are due to be nearly wiped off the map. They have no platform, no tactics, no vitality. The *Freisinnige Volkspartei*, at one time Bismarck's spoiled child, has vanished, together with the intellectual bourgeoisie that supported it. To-day its memory lives only in a trinity of great newspapers — *Vossische Zeitung*, *Berliner Tageblatt*, and *Frankfurter Zeitung*. However, these three journals, though of world-wide reputation, have only a restricted circle of readers. None has a circulation exceeding eighty thousand, including its several thousand foreign subscribers. Recent by-elections, particularly those at Hamburg, the old Democratic citadel, show how the wind is blowing. Everywhere the Nationalists have had a walk-over.

Stresemann has been called the 'gravedigger of the old Progressive Party.' During the first eight months of the Ruhr occupation German industrialists, who formed the backbone of this group, preached war to the death against France. Later they discovered it would be more profitable to deal with the enemy. Thereupon they invited their friend Cuno to resign, and detailed Stresemann, the wiliest of all German politicians, to wind up the passive-resistance campaign. He did it as well as he could — certainly better than any other Nationalist. Meanwhile, however, the industrialists made up their mind to venture a new resistance. Stresemann thereupon became an impossible burden, who must be cast off, even at the cost of killing the Party. So Stinnes crossed the Rubicon. The Party was dissolved. Its wraith may linger in the new Reichstag, but virtually as a fraction to the German Nationalists.

Have the Social Democrats roused themselves from their lethargy? *Vorwärts*, their official organ, asserts in its 'Manifesto to the Workers' that they have, but simultaneously admits that the Party's future is by no means brilliant. Its managers have committed faults innumerable. These may be repaired by energetic propaganda, for the German workingman is neither a Communist nor a Nationalist. There is nothing in the world he would like better than to be shown a practicable path to world brotherhood. But the Socialists face the bitterest electoral campaign in Germany's history with an empty campaign-chest, while their rivals for the workers' votes — the Communists and the National Socialists — draw respectively upon the coffers of Moscow and the long purses of the Junkers and big manufacturers. In fact, only a shell is now left of what was at one time the most powerful political party in the world. But even a shell is something, and in Germany political institutions die very slowly. The new Reichstag may have about half as many Social-Democratic members as the preceding body.

The German Nationalist Party, or *Deutschnationale Volkspartei*, also faces a forbidding prospect. Most of its old supporters have embraced the Fascist doctrines of the National Socialists — or the *Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei*. However, they have received many recruits from the bourgeois parties and even from more conservative Social Democrats. The result is a very heterogeneous organization which still retains its old mouthpiece, *Preussische Kreutzzeitung*, a venerable Conservative journal that constantly denounces the demoralization of the age. The backbone of this party is made up largely of university professors, supe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rior-school teachers, and civil servants of the higher grade. But it no longer monopolizes, as it did once, the cheering crowds who sang: '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles.*' The whole country has become Nationalist, to the great distress of the pundits of the party, who miss a little their old priority among holders of these tenets.

On the extreme Right is the *Deutschvölkische Freheitspartei*, vociferously preaching action and vengeance. It would drive every Jew from Germany. It proclaims war against Socialism first and Democracy afterward. It regards as its open enemy any man who is not German by blood and by conviction. Its members have a vague social programme, but this is completely buried under their hatred for the Jews and the French. If they enter the Reichstag with a delegation of only thirty or forty, as predicted, they are likely to make legislation impossible. Their tactics will depend largely upon the outcome at Munich. If they win there, Unter den Linden will soon resound with the thunderous tread of Hitler's militant followers. They will be masters of Berlin as they are already masters of Bavaria.

Political prophets forecast a Communist delegation of fifty or sixty members. Like the radical chauvinists at the other extreme, they are working overtime. Communism is strong in Germany, thanks partly to Russia, who has subsidized the movement liberally, and partly to the suffering of the working classes and the failure of the Social Democrats to defend vigorously the rights of the wage-earners — especially the eight-hour day. Odd as it may seem, moreover, the two extremist groups — the *Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei* and the Communists — have a good deal in common, and they are likely to march shoulder to shoulder whenever there is trouble brewing.

If the new Reichstag proves to be a cluster of discordant factions, as people now predict, a stable Government will be impossible. It is generally assumed that any cabinet will have to depend on the Right. Nevertheless, it does not seem likely at present that the Republic will be suddenly overthrown. But it may waste away and eventually be discarded, to quote a reactionary leader, 'like the shell of a young eaglet.'

THE GOLDEN MEAN

BY KENNETH HARE

[*London Mercury*]

A TEMPERED greyhound for the chase,
A moderate racehorse for the race.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH TIROL UNDER THE FASCISTI

BY ROBERT DELL

From the *New Statesman, March* 29
(London Liberal Labor Weekly)

By using the term 'South Tirol' I am exposing myself, if my crime be discovered before I leave Italian territory, to the penalties prescribed by Article 434 of the Italian Penal Code, whatever they may be, and any copy of this journal that enters South Tirol is liable to be seized by the police. It is, however, doubtful whether anybody in England would know what I meant if I talked about 'Alto Adige,' which is the only designation that may be given to 'the northern part of the Province of Trent,' according to a decree of the Prefect of that province dated August 7, 1923. The South Tirolese are henceforth to be known as *Atesini*. Provisionally, however, the use is tolerated of *Hochetsch* and *Etschlander*, which in the Prefect's opinion are the German equivalents of Alto Adige and Atesini, although the South Tirolese themselves declare them to be fantastic inventions.

Every place in South Tirol has been given a fabricated Italian name, which in many cases has no sort of relation to the historic name of the place. Thus Innischen, the frontier station on the line to Vienna, is officially known as San Candido, and that is the only name put up on the station, so that when one arrives one does not know where one is. Of course nobody uses these names, and I was amused to find that, when I tried one of them on a railway official at Frankensfeste, now baptized Fortezza, he did not know what I meant. Apart from any other considerations, this wholesale alteration of names that are part of the history of the Tirol is in execrable taste. So far as I know it is unprecedented. Even the French Nationalists have not thought it necessary to change the name of Strassburg.

These and similar imbecilities are typical of the Fascist mentality, which is that of political Nationalists in all countries, only more so. For the present régime in South Tirol is a Fascist, not an Italian, régime. It would be as unjust to identify Italy with Fascism as to identify a patient with the disease from which he was suffering. The Fascisti themselves have shown, by the grotesque electoral system that they have introduced to secure their supremacy, that they know the majority of the Italian people to be against them. Until 1922 Italian Governments in the main respected the solemn undertaking, given to the South Tirolese by the commander of the Italian forces at Trent on November 11, 1918, that their own language, institutions, and culture should be preserved. Two or three years later a commission of the League of Nations was able to report that racial minorities were, on the whole, better treated in Italy than in any other country, although Italy had signed no minorities treaty.

This wise and liberal policy was in accordance with Italian tradition, and had been consistently applied to the French-speaking inhabitants of Italian Savoy. Had it been continued the South Tirolese might in time have become resigned to their forcible separation from their fellow countrymen in North Tirol, which was perhaps the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worst violation of the principles on which the Armistice was concluded. As it is, Italy is likely to have a permanently discontented and hostile population on her northern frontier. Small as that population is, — only about a quarter of a million, — it may yet prove a thorn in the side of Italy. All experience suggests that the attempt to force the South Tirolese to become Italians will fail and only make them cling more stubbornly than ever to their language and traditions.

The avowed aim of the Fascisti is to stamp out every vestige of the local Tirolese culture, gradually to eradicate the German language, and to Italianize completely the German Tirolese. The programme by which they hope to achieve this aim was defined by the Fascist senator, Ettore Tolomei, in a speech made on June 15, 1923, in the Bozen Stadttheater. Several of these measures have already been carried out, but persons with German surnames have not yet been forced to Italianize them, nor has the statue of Walther von der Vogelweide yet been removed from the Walterplatz in Bozen. All pictures of Andreas Hofer, Haspinger, and Speckbacher have, however, been removed from the schools, and all Alpine clubs not affiliated with the Club Alpino Italiano have been dissolved, and their property transferred to the latter.

To show the character of the Fascist régime in South Tirol it would be enough, if space permitted, to publish the decrees promulgated during the last twelve months by the Prefect of the Province of Trent, under whose arbitrary rule South Tirol has been placed. In Bozen and the other large towns the municipal council has been dissolved, and its powers transferred to an Italian Commissioner. Neither the Town Commissioner nor the Subprefect of Bozen can speak or understand a word of German. I had two conversations with the Subprefect, Signor Boris, whose chief qualification for the post would appear to be his ardent Fascism. He began by assuring me that complete liberty reigned in South Tirol — he apparently forgot that liberty, according to Mussolini, is out of date — and that all the inhabitants understood Italian. Conversation with him was difficult, as I do not understand Italian, and his only other language was very bad French, but an interpreter helped us out. I submitted to him various facts, and he did not deny the accuracy of any of them, nor did he attempt any defense of Italian policy. He merely asserted that the Italian Government was always right, and that the South Tirolese were perfectly happy under Italian rule. He informed me, only half earnestly, so far as I could judge, that if I wrote anything disagreeable to the Italian Government he would not again allow me to enter South Tirol.

The Subprefect is not popular in Bozen, but the individual relations between the inhabitants and the numerous Italian immigrants are, on the whole, friendly. The Italian officers and soldiers, who are not numerous, are particularly liked, and everybody agrees that they behave very well, and are indeed pleasanter than the civil authorities. The colonel of the Carabinieri, whom I met, is a charming man, whose only desire is to interfere as little as possible with the people. Even the local civil authorities, so far as I could learn, show no unnecessary harshness in administering the decrees, but there is an elaborate system of espionage, and inhabitants who have not acquired Italian citizenship — usually because it has been refused to them — are under constant menace of expulsion. Persons born in the district

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

became Italian citizens ipso facto, but many inhabitants of South Tirol were born the other side of the Brenner, and cannot therefore claim Italian citizenship as a right. In some cases such persons were granted Italian citizenship before the advent of the Fascisti to power, and have since been deprived of it by the Fascist authorities and expelled from South Tirol. They are now without a nationality.

Many former Austrian officials who were given Italian citizenship and retained in their posts by a former Italian Government have been turned out by the Fascisti — in some cases to starve. Having become Italians they have no longer any claim on the Austrian Government. Some of the expulsions are particularly iniquitous. One of the worst cases is that of a doctor born in Innsbruck, who had practised for thirty years in Brixen. He was refused Italian citizenship and expelled from South Tirol, leaving behind him his wife and family, although his two sons, being under eighteen at the time of the annexation and having been born in Brixen, were obliged to become Italians, and are actually doing their military service in the Italian army. It would have been better in some respects, and no more unjust, if the whole Tirol had been annexed to Italy, for there could not be a more integral national unity, and the relations between the two sides of the Brenner were as close as those between the different parts of an English county. As it is, families have been forcibly divided, some members becoming Italian, and others remaining Austrian, and in many cases people living in North Tirol are not allowed by the Italian authorities to visit their closest relatives on the other side of the Brenner.

The old Austrian province of course included the Trentino, which is purely Italian. The racial frontier follows a line drawn from Zufall peak in the west to Ganitkogl, thence dipping down south as far as the town of Salurn, and returning north to Reiterjoch peak and thence east to Monte Palue. North of this line and south of the Brenner lies German South Tirol, which at the Austrian census of 1910 had 215,933 German inhabitants, 6704 Italian, and 19,605 'Ladiner,' speaking an Italian dialect. The last all live in the valleys of the Dolomites. The new Italian frontier would have followed this line had the principle of 'self-determination' been applied to South Tirol. Italy would then have acquired the Trentino, which in 1910 had 356,709 Italian and 13,550 German inhabitants. There are European territories where the population is so mixed that 'self-determination' is almost impossible. That was not the case in South Tirol.

Until about six months ago instruction in the South Tirolese schools was still given in German, but on the first of October a royal decree was promulgated making Italian the sole language of instruction in all elementary schools throughout Italy. This means that the French-speaking inhabitants of Italian Savoy are to be deprived of the right to use their native language which they have so long enjoyed. The decree is to be applied gradually. At present Italian is used only for the youngest children in the first classes. Next year its use will be extended to the second classes, and so on until the whole instruction in the school is in Italian. Obviously this change will involve the importation of teachers from other parts of Italy, for the large majority of elementary-school teachers in South Tirol speak only German. How priests are to be found to give religious instruction in Italian nobody knows. In places like Bozen and Meran many people now speak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some Italian, — perhaps 25 to 30 per cent of the original population, — but in the villages nobody speaks anything but German. The German secondary schools in South Tirol are also threatened. Already two have been suppressed in Bozen.

All signs and public notices of every kind must be in Italian, but a German translation may be affixed. Laws and decrees are published solely in Italian, so that the large majority of the inhabitants cannot understand them, and nobody knows exactly what Austrian laws have been repealed or what Italian laws apply to the province of Trent, because the Government does not take the trouble to give the information. The archives of the law courts are in a state of chaos, many of the officials being unable to read the legal documents. Local authorities and public bodies of every kind are compelled to use Italian for all their transactions with or without German translations, except in certain parishes with a population of less than 2000, where an extension of the use of German may be granted up to the first of October of this year, but not for longer.

Since regulations of this kind are evidently impracticable in parishes where nobody speaks Italian, they are made an excuse for importing Italian officials. In the post office, railways, and other public services a knowledge of Italian is obligatory, with the result that many of the old officials have been dismissed. Italian workmen are employed to a great extent on the railways. All communications issued by the post office are in Italian without a German translation, so that most of the inhabitants cannot read them. There is, of course, no freedom of the press or of public meeting, and interference is not limited to political activity. Lectures on Tirolese poets have been prohibited, and societies and clubs for the cultivation of the German language and literature have been suppressed. In short, the treatment of the German Tirolese by the present Italian Government is perhaps the worst example of racial persecution in Europe.

Even had the tolerant policy of the pre-Fascist Italian Governments continued, South Tirol would have suffered economically from annexation to Italy. The chief products of the country are wine and fruit, which Italy does not need. The German and Austrian markets have been lost and no others have been found to replace them. Wine in South Tirol is dirt-cheap, and as it no longer pays to grow any but the best qualities, which find a market principally in Switzerland, many of the vineyards in the valley are beginning to go out of cultivation. The fruit-growers have also lost their markets, except for the early and choicest fruits.

The Trentino is suffering in this way as much as German South Tirol, and the port of Trieste has been ruined. As the only port of the Austrian Empire it was flourishing and prosperous. As one of several Italian ports it is superfluous and is killed by the competition of Venice.

I must not forget the latest exploit of the Italian Government. It has suddenly begun to confiscate the property of German citizens in South Tirol. This confiscation is not authorized by the Treaty of Versailles, or by the treaty of St. Germain, by which South Tirol was ceded to Italy. It is said that the Reparations Commission in 1919 declared the confiscation of German property in South Tirol to be in accordance with the 'spirit' of the Peace Treaties. That is possible, but who gave the Reparations Commission the power to set aside the letter of the Treaties? This is not a matter of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italian internal politics, and it should be referred to the Court of International Justice.

Space will not allow me to give details of the many cases of abominable hardship that this confiscation has involved, but I will mention one as an example. A widow named Maria Entleuthner, aged seventy-one, owns a small house in Meran worth about 50,000 lire, in which she lives. Her sole means of subsistence are the rent that she receives from letting the greater part of the house and what her daughter can earn by giving piano lessons. The Italian Government has confiscated her house, and all her furniture, including the beds and the daughter's piano and music. Charming people, the Fascisti!

A SOLDIER'S PILGRIMAGE

BY RICHARD HULDSCHINER

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, March 2*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

WE reach Lago di Garda. Roverto, Mori, Lappio, and Nago have been rebuilt. At Arco and Riva the new red roofs glisten in the sun, and the lake is as impossibly blue as in the advertising posters. I mean the posters that show a bit of water between a cypress and a pine tree with a brown sail upon the surface, and an improbably beautiful peasant girl or a young fisherman of noble mien in the foreground. We found everything just as represented, even to the occasional German honeymooning couple that is an inevitable feature of the landscape here. Except for them, however, everything has become Italian, emphatically and passionately Italian, so that I must confess to myself that this country has returned to its true motherland, in response to the irresistible impulse of kinship.

We took our midday meal at a hotel where I had once requisitioned the furniture for a soldiers' club, and which later was bombarded. The waiter served us with a dignified reserve quite different from the effusive friendliness that the servants at the tourist resorts here usually show to German travelers.

A post auto carried us from this point through vineyards and olive groves, between orchard walls above which fig trees nodded, and past villa after villa. The latter bore such romantic names as Carmen, Esther, Yolanda, and Virginia, but were for the most part ugly stone structures, with narrow windows and low roofs, surrounded by gravel courtyards and ostentatious fanlike palms.

We were dazzled by the reflection of the sun on the white road, and enveloped in a cloud of dust. Our motor-car rapidly mounted the winding road past Arco, with its massive red and white precipices, and crossed a plain now bathed in peaceful summer sunshine, which I remember best when it was dotted with cottony clouds of bursting shrapnel. Next came Deva,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a bastion of the famous 'Northern Front,' whose scowling fortifications, once girdled with barbed wire and trenches, looked silly and purposeless in these piping times of peace. The old-time camouflage along the highways had completely disappeared.

At Pranzo we left our motor. During the war this place was entirely evacuated by its civilian population, though later a few of the more reliable were permitted to return. It was the last village toward the front, and its occupants were under my medical care. A pang of poignant memory shot through my heart when I stepped out of the car. The war, with all its horror and privation, with all its intensified longing for peace and repose and happiness, gripped me again with full force like a present thing. I secretly felt like turning back, but said nothing. We picked up our knapsacks and entered the *Osteria alla pianta* to inquire for lodgings. A handsome young fellow greeted me with stormy enthusiasm. He recognized me at once. No, they had no beds — it was no longer a tavern, but the *Circolo Nationale.* However, his sister and he would find us a room. She would be delighted to see us when she got back from Riva, where she had gone for a day's visit.

While waiting for her return we walked up to Campi, where I had been in charge of an emergency station and a soldiers' resthouse for eighteen months. The huddled, brown, smoky villages, which looked from a distance like clusters of ruins, sank into the depths behind us. The vineyards, where the blight had free run during the war, were again green and vigorous. Mulberry trees and noble chestnuts clothed the declivities. Where heavy masked field-pieces once lurked under their disguises, the maize stood tall and the shell-holes were clothed with verdure. Peasants were working the fields. Above us, the great fortress of Tombio scowled over the smiling land below like a toothless giant who has outlived his time. The barrier that separated the zone of the front from the supporting zone behind once crossed the highway at this point. No man could go through without the password and inspection. But the gates had disappeared; the sentry-house was vacant; its doors and windows were gone.

Roccetta and Cima d'Oro towered above us; the white church of Campi stands upon a green height, entirely repaired except that the tower has no bell. I wandered through the soldier's cemetery, where three hundred old comrades lie — men who fell in battle or were killed by avalanches. Each cross bore a familiar name and recalled a tragic memory: a toilsome, perilous, night journey in a blizzard to a remote outpost on the edge of a lofty precipice to carry vain aid to a wounded man; six soldiers who were chatting and laughing in a village doorway where a shrieking shell left but a jagged mass of bloodstained ruins; a direct hit in my emergency station, wreaking havoc among the sick and wounded; those who fell in a desperate assault upon an Italian position; the lonely sentry who wandered over a precipice in the mist; an enemy aviator shot down, whom we buried here with one of his broken propellers as a headstone; and the last day, when our men were withdrawing stolidly and hopelessly from the front and fell under the bombardment of the advancing enemy.

Yes, that last day many of the soldiers were intoxicated, because they would not leave the company wine for the Italians, and so they staggered stupidly into the line of fire. Munitions covered the road, and soldiers, crazy with rage and disappointment, beat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their rifles to pieces on blood-sprinkled boulders. My hospital men drove our goats in front of them that we might have milk for the wounded. Officers plodded past with despair-pinched faces. And the shells continued to rain on us from beyond Roccetta and Tombio, although it was already 'the Armistice'!

I went to the site of my emergency station. It had completely disappeared — a few stones and scraps of roofing paper were all that was left to mark the place. I had planted flowers there — morning-glories, sweet peas, and sunflowers. There had been a little white cottage where I had lived for eighteen months through happy hours as well as sad; for in the midst of all the horror and sorrow there were also interludes of good-fellowship and merry laughter. Yes, there were intermissions when the war seemed far off, and the peace of the majestic nature that surrounded us resumed its sway over our hearts and moods.

Beyond lay Parisi Farm, where the local headquarters and officers' mess used to be. The peasant was back on his property, gathering fagots and digging weeds. He glared at me a moment inquiringly, then lifted his shapeless hat in a friendly greeting. During the war he may have been a soldier, perhaps in Galicia or Rumania — possibly merely a refugee at Nonsberg, cursing the military who had seized his home. But they rebuilt it, improved it, and his land grew richer during the fallow years.

Over there once were the stations of the cableway to the higher positions. They had disappeared completely. The grass and the young crops had obliterated the last vestiges of their presence.

The village priest again occupied the building where I had my soldiers' resthouse. Children were playing around the door. The roof was new; the shell-holes in the wall had been repaired. The gallery, whose beams hung down like crippled arms, had been rebuilt. Only four people remained in this village throughout the war: the burgomaster, his wife, his one-armed son, and a midwife. The burgomaster was dead and the midwife had married, but the refugees had come back, except those who, finding their property destroyed, had emigrated to America. I heard the dull strokes of the hoe in the vineyards. The patient peasant was back at his daily toil.

It was already late dusk when we returned to Pranzo. We strolled from house to house receiving joyful greetings from grateful old-time patients. The news had got about that the *Capitano medico* of the war had returned. Careworn women with children in their arms sauntered by as if by accident, crowded around the door, and waited for a greeting and a chat. They had much to tell. Gina was married and had a baby; Father Lorenzi had died of apoplexy, and Andrea Guella was in Argentina. The tower of Tenno Castle had fallen one night 'just of itself.' And to-day there were so many taxes to pay and stamps to buy. No, it was better, much better, in the good old days, even though they were now part of Italy, the land of their mother tongue. In the Circolo Nationale photographs of Austrian officers still hung on the walls beside the tricolor. Austria was not forgotten. She lived like an endeared memory — almost like an unconfessed hope — in the people's hearts.

At the burgomaster's we had black coffee, red wine, and grapes. Many villagers came in and sat with us at the bare, polished kitchen table, and wherever we called the coffee mill began to grind. Mary returned from Riva. She was born in America and therefore had an English name. But she was in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reality a true Maria, with vivacious eyes and voluble speech. She had become haggard and pale since the war, for, although she did not have so much to eat then, she was happier. She had been engaged to a noncommissioned officer, and had the war turned out differently would probably now be the wife of a miller in the Bánát. But after things went to smash the men of these distant places hesitated to come back, and now many a girl waits here, bereft of her betrothed. She sat there with her brother and another young man, who may have been an Austrian soldier in the war and may have deserted to the Italian side, but nevertheless spoke with sincere regret of 'Old Austria.' Then Gina dropped in with her *bambino*, and old Mother Malacarne, whom I 'saved from death.'

Mary had given up her room to us for the night. I found photographs of Austrian soldiers on the wall beside the mandolin and Scriptural texts. Although this country had been 'redeemed' and had 'returned to its mother,' the kind old stepmother was not forgotten. And the war, though a time of bitter trial, was also the great experience for these people, the event to which their thoughts constantly recurred, which formed the topic of all their conversation.

The following morning we got an early start for Cima d'Oro, where I had spent another eighteen months. The highway, built during the war, winds in great curves first through chestnut groves and then through a tangle of dwarf trees and shrubbery to the precipitous summit. Tombio sank behind us. The villages dropped into the blue valley below. The lake glittered like a turquoise in the distance. All nature became silent. Arco and the nearest buildings in Riva glimmered dimly in the sunshine. For it was a hazy day, and mist pennants clung to the neighboring peaks. A ribbon of cloud transected the Brenta group to the north of us, but the white summit of Cima Tosa was visible above it. The distant Dolomites, Schlern, and Rosengarten, toward which we used to gaze with such yearning during the war, on account of the homeland that lay beyond them, were completely veiled in the mist. Folgaria, Lavarone, Cugni, Zugna, and Pasubio lay hazy and silent in the distance, beyond the basin of the valley of the Etsch, where the artillery used to roar day and night. Mount Baldo, upon whose summit enormous searchlights used to play, and the long slopes down to the lake and toward Torbole, were no longer recognizable, so drowsy and lost they lay in the August sun.

Blackberries and raspberries were ripening on the roadside bushes. The roadbed itself had been washed out by the rains and was covered with gravel and boulders fallen from the precipices above. It was deserted — utterly deserted. How could it be otherwise — it does not lead to forests or to Alpine pastures, but to a desolate, rocky, barren pinnacle, enwrapped in clouds.

Here a cableway once ran. Wooden posts still marked its course. Rusty tin cans and crumpled cartridge-cases lay half-concealed by the herbage. Italian steel helmets were lying in a nettle bed. Everywhere were violets and gentians in profusion. The shell-holes on the declivities were filled with thistles. Raspberry bushes had overrun the old gun-emplacements. In three short years nature had won back the ravaged land. In ten years more the war will be a legend, its last traces buried and forgotten in the silence and oblivion of the mountain vegetation. Man may remember; the trees and the plants and animals will forget and obliterate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We climbed on in silence. I thought of the many months I spent upon this mountain in sun and fog, in rain and snow, in mud and misery; but never alone, constantly surrounded by the gossip and the silence, by the friendliness and the surliness, by the companionship and the aloofness, of the men at the front. Yonder stood the barracks of the labor gangs. At this point we got our water at the edge of a snow field that lasted until July. Just beyond us four men were crushed by an avalanche. I stood again at the place where we laid out the recovered bodies and the chaplain read the burial service. On Marash Ridge, which protrudes like a sloping shoulder from the massif of the mountain, our heavy battery was stationed. The concrete platforms are still almost intact. Scattered around and in the munitions caves lay heaps of shells with their primers removed. Steel fragments of every kind — helmets, munitions boxes, part of a searchlight — torn shoes, and broken belts were rusting or mouldering in the shrubbery. The road narrowed to a footpath through the brambles. The ascent grew suddenly steeper. At last, after a hard, breathless pull, we stood upon the summit, our old post.

The dugouts were still there, but cluttered with shells and broken cooking utensils, half caved in and partially filled with water. Our old galvanized-iron huts were crushed in with the weight of snow and of stones that had rolled down from the bank behind them. Possibly the enemy also had a hand in this, for he occupied the position, which he had never been able to capture by assault, after the Armistice. Yes, there was the 'pigsty' — as we called our particular hut. What else would you call a galvanized-iron box, banked up with stone, where eight of us lived, ate, and slept, where the rain came in, where our beds were made of brush and blankets and our knapsacks served as pillows? It was a kennel, eighteen feet long and nine feet wide, hot in summer, cold in winter; and in it we huddled for tedious months longing for comfort and cleanliness and thinking of the tragic uncertainties of the morrow.

There stood my first-aid station — a board shed open on one side. Yonder stood the barracks of the men, and just beyond them the company room, where they sat and sang and gossiped and drank tea with rum — or rather, rum with tea. And over there stood the cottage where I lived later with a captain, a Croat — he was always saying: 'Ah, Ludendorff, Linsingen, Falkenhayn, they are the gentlemen!' — and our chaplain. Those were more comfortable days, after we had our cableway, electric light, and water, and were no longer compelled to sit through the winter evenings in darkness because no petroleum had come up. But later we had a night of terror when a blizzard shrieked around the mountain top, destroying telephone and lighting connections, and exhausted soldiers kept coming in to report that an avalanche had carried away this outpost or that one. In fact, nature was the sternest enemy along this front, where the war was immobilized for so many months. We listened with little concern to the shriek of shells and watched them burst against the distant precipices, but the avalanches were not so easily escaped. A silken rustle, a sudden roar of thunder, and a column of brave fellows vanished under fifty feet of snow, or the strongest structures were swept away like a house of cards.

We went on a little farther to 'Commander's Hill,' where the trenches began on the opposite side of the mountain. From this point a lunar landscape caught our vision. The entire declivity was pitted with countless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shell-holes rimmed with gray stones and rusting shell fragments. In this high altitude nature takes longer to erase the scars of war, and men have not repaired its ravages where they can neither sow nor reap.

Six or seven hundred feet below, the roof of Casa Degiacomi glistened in the sun. The shepherd's house had been rebuilt after its three years of constant bombardment. We descended thither. The door was open and three men with guns over their shoulders had just entered. We hoped to find milk in this waterless desert, but the men, who received us kindly, had only rain water from the cistern. They had shot two hares. One of the men proudly informed us he was a member of the Degiacomi family. I told him that I knew the shepherd's house well during the war — I had seen it destroyed by the bombardment. But the peasant harbored no resentment against us soldiers for that, feeling that we had suffered more from the war than he had. He pointed to one of his companions and said: 'That fellow 's a Czech.' We discovered that he had been in the artillery on the Cima d'Oro. Later he deserted to the Italians — but was ashamed to have it recalled — and finally had stranded here in the Ledro Valley.

After a warm parting handshake with the hunters, we continued down the steep declivity, past our old trenches and barbed-wire entanglements. Above us on our right were our extreme supporting points and far below us on the left had been the enemy lines, where the steep declivities of the Roccetta fell off abruptly. Opposite us lay the blue mountains beyond Ledro Valley, from which the Italian artillery used to play upon us. From the distance, apparently in the direction of Verona, we caught the dull roll of cannon — probably manœuvres were being held, for armies, war games, and war preparations still continue. I closed my eyes and the illusion that I was back on the old front was so vivid that it gripped me to the heart. Twice every night I used to visit the outposts here, walking lightly and carefully lest even a rolling pebble betray my progress, and standing as motionless as the boulders whenever the sweeping searchlight played upon me. I sat in yonder dugout and tended the wounded when our men stormed the Italian post at Pascher. Every stone here has a history — a history of blood and suffering.

We soon passed the narrow No Man's Land between the old fronts and reached the Italian barbed-wire entanglements and trenches. Many of the latter had already caved in and promised to disappear in a few years, for the Italians had not built as substantially as we had along this part of the front. A rudely paved road, half covered with débris, descended at a sharp angle to the deep valley below us. We soon caught sight of the new red roofs of Biasesa, but the muggy atmosphere, the dust, and the heavy odors of withered vegetation made our descent thither seem long and tiresome. Moreover, I was impatient to be away. No, a man should not revisit the scenes of his war service. He should let these memories lie dead and buried. He should force his mind to dwell upon the future. I kept saying to myself: 'I will never come back here again.' And yet this one visit I could not resist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAREWELL TO THE HEBRIDES

BY SETON GORDON

[*A few paragraphs have been inserted in the following article from the* Manchester Guardian *account of this migration.*]

From the *Morning Post, March* 31
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

THROUGH sunlit seas the Canadian Pacific liner Marloch approached the Outer Hebrides this morning. The sky was blue as at midsummer, the Atlantic unruffled as a hill loch on a June day.

It was a fairy world that we entered at sunrise. On either hand were islands. Eastward, on the rim of the ocean, rose Jura, and south of it the fertile island of Islay. North of these was Colonsay, and north of that again Mull, or, as it is named in Gaelic, Mull of the Great Hills. Even the small and sainted isle of Iona was clear west of us.

We passed in turn the southern vanguard of the Outer Hebrides. First came Berneray, with its lovely lighthouse; next Mingulay, with its eight-hundred-feet sheer cliffs, on which myriads of sea fowl nest.

At ten o'clock, steaming at fifteen knots, we were abreast of Barra, the ancestral home of the MacNeills, and, nosing our way cautiously forward, dropped anchor just off Loch Boisdale shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning.

As the Marloch crept into Loch Boisdale, with the lead going to find a suitable anchorage, the West Highland steamer Hebrides was waiting to come alongside with about ninety emigrants from the island of Barra. The old exclusiveness of the MacNeills of that isle has apparently gone, for the old legend has it that when Noah invited the MacNeills to join the Ark they declined on the ground that they had a boat of their own.

The sun was shining brightly when the liner came to anchor in the loch, and it gave emphasis to the bare rock and moorland character of the islands, with their mere patches of cultivated land from which a meagre livelihood is gleaned. There might seem little to regret in leaving such bleak and barren surroundings for a land of fairer promise, but the Hebridean clings close to his native shores, and his reluctance to leave scenes to which he is bound by ties of affection was reflected in the leave-takings witnessed on the pier at Loch Boisdale.

The day was made a holiday in the surrounding townships, and many had tramped miles to take farewell of friends. The emigrants had gathered the previous day and spent the night in the village in dancing and song. They represented the pick of the islanders. The men were hardy and of fine physique, inured to the struggle with nature in a niggardly mood, and they will be an acquisition to the Dominion. The women were also of a good type; their faces, brown with sun and hard weather, were comely, framed in white woolen shawls wrapped round their head and shoulders. All ages were represented, from an old man who had passed the allotted span, but was setting out with courage to join his son, to the child in arms unconscious that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the life before him was so widely different from that to which his parents had been born.

As they embarked a piper strode up and down the pier playing the old melodies of the Highlands. The old familiar airs lifted something of the sorrow from the hearts of the emigrants. They were mostly from Barra, Benbecula, South Uist, and Eriskay, and it was the Gaelic of the Isles in which adieus were taken.

As one stepped ashore at Loch Boisdale it was hard to realize that the spring was yet young. Unlike the mainland of Britain, the Outer Hebrides have enjoyed perfect weather for the past month, and to-day in lightest of airs the sun shone with midsummer warmth.

This was the second great exodus of Islesmen from Barra, Eriskay, South Uist, and Benbecula within the past twelve months, and one recalled that Loch Boisdale must have been the scene during the last two centuries of more than one great assembly of people from here.

Clanronald's men sailed in their war galleys to assist the Prince in the 1745 rising. A year later, when Prince Charles Edward was utterly defeated and a fugitive with £30,000 on his head, there were Government vessels in Loch Boisdale Harbor, and doubtless the crowds who gathered to see them were as numerous as those who witnessed the departure of their friends and relations to-day.

Within the past century the vessel Admiral carried many emigrants to Canada. Some of them, it is said, went unwillingly and fled to their beloved hills rather than leave Uist of the Barley, as the isle is known to Gaelic poets.

There was a great sadness to-day also in the hearts of the people who were making the big adventure into the world, and everywhere one saw weeping, and faces smiling bravely through a mist of tears.

Behind the barrier the people crowded in on the pier. At the gate stood a fatherly policeman. He did not, as a Southern constable might do, admonish the crowd to move back, but spoke kindly to them in Gaelic and seemed somewhat embarrassed by the unwonted prominence into which he had been thrust. Kindly old ladies were cheering those dear to them.

These old people were all Gaelic-speaking. English did not come easily to them. Their headdress was a shawl, and one old dame had wrapped about her a plaid of MacNeill tartan.

There was a medical examination of the intending emigrants at the pier, but very few were rejected, and while a piper continued to discourse cheerful music the luggage was gradually stored away in the hold of the steamer, and the embarkation commenced.

It was a passing-fair scene on which the people looked, some of them perhaps for the last time, beyond the thin smoke of the liner. The great hills of Rum showed faint through the haze of a summerlike day. Northward the snows of the crest of the Coolin peaks shimmered and glistened in the sun. Upon far distant Canna, across the Minch, a heather fire burned, the smoke trailing out upon the northerly breeze. Lesser fires burned on Barra and by the shores of Loch Boisdale, lit, perhaps, in farewell greeting.

What would have been to-day the feelings of the Seer of Brahan to have seen this great exodus of isles folk — he who, centuries ago, prophesied the depopulation of the Outer Hebrides. It is certain the people would have had his sympathy, and that he would not, as some critics of late have done, have charged them with laziness and lack of intelligence.

How appropriate it would be if one of these armchair critics should spend a year in the Outer Hebrides,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and be forced to till the soil, as a poverty-stricken people must do at this season. Such a critic would perhaps be surprised to have, perforce, to dig his small field, not plough it. His wife — let us suppose he possesses one — would be obliged to carry in the peats across the moorlands in a creel upon her back, and likewise to carry sand from the shore for miles across a bleak track, in order that the earthen floor of the cottage should be dry and sweet.

The couple would have to manure their field by hand, carrying the manure in a pail, and themselves drag the harrow across the newly sown oats, since a pony would be beyond their means, and they would dwell in a bleak cottage set upon a wind-swept moor on an isle where, so incessant are the storms, no tree can grow.

Sunset had come, and the Marloch, the last of her passengers aboard, was weighing anchor. Last year it was the raven that supplied the omen by circling high above the emigrant ship. This year four herons sailed with steady flight above the vessel. The heron in the Outer Hebrides is a scarce bird. It is seldom one sees four together.

Across the moor a peregrine falcon sped on the western horizon. A flock of wild geese took their flight northward.

Silently the people left the pier in twos and threes and singly. They wended their way homeward with hearts that were sad at the parting with their dear ones, and more than one girl, who had been dressed in her best for the great occasion, removed her silk stockings and perhaps uncomfortable shoes, and set out on her walk barefoot.

Under a roof of stars and through a tranquil sea we of the returning party crossed the Minch in the steamer Hebrides, and as I pen these last lines we are sailing through the Sound of Canna, the first stage of our voyage to Oban completed.

CIGAR SMOKE

BY PRINCE V. BARIATINSKII

From *Dni, December 25*
(Berlin Conservative-Socialist Russian-Language Daily)

In its own day this sensational trial filled all the papers at home and found a good deal of response abroad. This unusual interest was caused chiefly by the fact that the central figure in the event could not be identified. Guessing and conjecturing occupied a good deal of time in rich drawing-rooms as well as in mansards and basement dwellings. People even resorted to fortune-telling, and evoked spirits by means of rotating saucers and tables, but they never succeeded in establishing the identity of the young man who attempted to take the money and the life of Mr. Chernoselskii.

Here is, in substance, the official version of the case.

Late one evening an unknown young man called on Mr. Chernoselskii, a rich old bachelor. The young man was so well dressed and so decent-looking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generally that a footman who opened the door omitted to announce him to his master before admitting him into the latter's study. Half an hour later a revolver shot was heard from the study, and then the bell rang for the footman, who ran headlong only to see his master's guest dead on the floor and Mr. Chernoselskii, unhurt on his divan, finishing his glass of whiskey and soda. The revolver lay on the floor.

Everything went on in the usual appointed way — police, doctor, court-room. Chernoselskii testified that the young man intended to shoot and rob him, but that he, Chernoselskii, succeeded in disarming him and shot him in self-defense. The trial further made clear that Mr. Chernoselskii had no enemies, that his character was that of a good-natured philosopher, that the revolver in the case had been bought on the day of the accident by a young man whose description tallied closely with that of the unknown visitor. In short, Chernoselskii's version was accepted, the dead man's identity remained mysterious, and the case was closed.

All this happened in St. Petersburg, long ago. The other day, wandering through Wiesbaden, I dropped into the little tavern of a Spaniard — a local Lilas Pastia minus Carmen. Two or three Germans gloomily drank their beer, a few foreigners warmed themselves with vermuth and port. Outside, the weather was foggy and piercing cold. I sat down and opened my newspaper, but felt that someone was gazing steadily at me. At a near-by table sat Mr. Chernoselskii.

He looked old and flabby, and his suit had seen many springs. But he still had a cigar in his teeth, and his smile was as good-natured and ironical as when I knew him in St. Petersburg. We sat down together and talked about everything. The conversation touched some sensational murder case.

'Eh, my pigeon,' he said, 'you don't often get the truth — the real truth — in trials like this.' And so, by and by, he came to tell me the real story of the mysterious case which had been tried long ago in St. Petersburg.

Chernoselskii had decided that for once in his life he would spend his evening at home and try out personally the 'delights of solitude,' in which he did not believe. He thought he would stay home until midnight and, if it proved unbearable, go out then and have supper in company. He wrote two letters, lighted a cigar, took a book, and reclined on the Caucasian divan near his writing-desk.

After a short time the door opened and a young man, pale and very well dressed, walked hastily in. He closed the door behind himself and before his host could recover from his amazement he pulled a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at Chernoselskii.

'I know,' he said, 'that you have some two hundred thousand rubles cash in your desk which you received at five o'clock this afternoon from your estate-manager for some timber you sold.'

'Your information is quite exact,' Chernoselskii answered, relighting his cigar, which had gone out, 'and I do not ask you where you got it, for it is not my rule to mix in other people's affairs.'

'Will you kindly hand over that money? Otherwise I'll kill you.'

'Your request is very unexpected, and, to tell the truth, it does not quite correspond with my own plans —'

'Give me the money or I'll shoot you like a dog!'

'Now, why precisely "like a dog"? I know they use this comparison a good deal, but I am of the opinion that it is unfortunate. I have lived for forty years and I never yet knew a man in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his senses specialize in shooting dogs with a revolver.'

'Money!' said the visitor in a hissing voice.

'To judge by the persistence with which you are trying to pursue your apparently premeditated aim, I conclude that you are energetic. I admire and envy you, for I myself have always suffered from a lack of this highly commendable quality — even when I was young, as you are now. Excuse me — how old are you?'

'Twenty-three,' the young man answered automatically.

'Twenty-three!' Chernoselskii exclaimed sympathetically. 'What a wonderful age! Recklessness, passions, love — tell me, I'm sure you are in love with someone!'

'That is n't any of your concern,' the visitor answered roughly. 'And besides, it has nothing to do with the business in question. Give me that money, will you, or — or — you'll be dead in a minute!'

'Well and good,' said Chernoselskii, watching a smoke-ring that emerged from his mouth. 'Let's imagine I have given you that money. What will you do with it?'

'Don't worry, I'll find use for it.'

'One use may be good and another use bad. Now as I look at you, young man, I can just see the picture: Suppose I have given you that money, or that you have taken it yourself. You go out with it. Naturally I'm not running in pursuit of you, because I'll be either lying here and smoking my cigar or else shot dead "like a dog," to use your own expression. I do hope that neither my footman nor the janitor will notice anything suspicious about you and they both will let you alone. Very well. First of all, most probably, you will go home and hide the bulk of your earnings save a small part that you will keep in your pocket so as to begin right away, without wasting a single moment, your new life of a rich man. Am I right?'

The young man nodded, and Chernoselskii continued in the same cordial tone: 'Now, how will you begin your new life? I'll tell you in a minute. If you don't happen to be in love just now, you'll simply go and get drunk, and if you are, you'll get drunk just the same and buy a present for your beloved besides. At that, you'll get drunk in the worst possible manner — drunk as a young boy or, perhaps, as a lackey, sick drunk, mixing all the drinks, which you don't know how to appreciate. And as to the present, which will be meant, if not to conquer her heart, at least to influence her choice, I bet it will be a very expensive and loud present, a hit-or-miss and tasteless affair — perhaps a brooch as big as an oyster shell or a dress — a silk dress above everything, or perhaps a velvet, greenish-yellow or purple-red.'

Here the burglar thought it proper to stand on his dignity.

'Why do you think that if I get drunk I shall do it as a lackey does, or if I buy a present it will necessarily be tasteless?' he asked sternly — lowering the revolver, however.

'Because,' answered Chernoselskii, 'I can see that you have no genuine taste and no understanding of life as it is. I can see it at once. For instance, your clothes are quite well tailored, but you do not know how to wear them. Your hair is brushed carefully, but the way you've dressed it is fit perhaps for a shop clerk in a dry-goods store somewhere on the Peterburgskaia Side or the Vyborgskaia Side. You expressed a desire to appropriate my money, and do not even deny that you will get drunk the first thing after you've got it. Don't you see, young man, you lack the — the —'

And Chernoselskii made a sufficiently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indefinite and yet eloquent circular motion with his hand and forearm.

The young man looked melancholy and hung his head.

'Why, yes,' he said in a sad voice, 'the trouble is, she tells me exactly the same thing.'

'You see, that means that I am right. And besides, I cannot help but tell you that she — excuse me, I do not know her name —'

'Tatiana Andreevna,' sighed the burglar.

'— that Tatiana Andreevna is doubtless a woman of some taste, and therefore, of course, you cannot hope for success —'

'Do you really think so?' the young man asked with a note of suffering in his voice.

'I do, beyond doubt. But then, we seem to have abandoned our original theme — and take a seat, please! Right here in this armchair.'

'*Nichevo* — thank you — I prefer to stand,' said the burglar, quite dejected.

'Just as you please,' Chernoselskii conceded benevolently. 'Well, then, that's what I say. You don't know how to live a life of beauty — a sensible life. With all this money of mine you'll not conquer a single really elegant woman, you'll not buy a single good picture or a really good and well-written book. You'll never go to see a serious play, you'll not go to see any place worth seeing on the globe, neither will you be able to order a fine dinner or to choose a necktie with taste. All you'll be doing will be drinking your head off, raising hell, and throwing away money until the police get you for something in some doubtful restaurant or in the apartment of a cheap —'

Here the burglar put his revolver down on the table and hid his face in his hands, while Chernoselskii continued, with real inspiration: 'And you want me to give you my money? You are mad, young man, and I should be more than an idiot — I should be a criminal if I were to give in to your senseless fancy. To give you that money would be just as wise as to throw it into this fireplace here. In fact, it would be worse, for it would mean encouraging debauchery, license — would mean encouraging people who do not know how to live.'

He paused and puffed out a whole cloud of cigar smoke, which for a moment enveloped the discouraged and bent figure of the burglar.

'And then,' he continued, lowering his voice and speaking in a confidential little basso, 'you've been threatening to kill me. Did you really think you could scare me? It's little people like yourself who are afraid of death. As for myself, allow me to tell you, unfortunate youth that you are, that I have taken of life all the beauty it can give me. I know it perfectly well — I know that it can offer me nothing new. Anything that may happen to me can only be a more or less pleasant repetition of what I have passed through before. The thing that interests me much more is — *Death!*'

His last word dropped heavily and cleft the air like a funeral bell. The young man shuddered, shrank together, let his arms drop helplessly, and looked at his host with a troubled gaze. The The latter, however, continued in a mournful voice: —

'Death is the beginning of a new life, unknown to me and therefore interesting. Besides, it means deliverance from all sorts of petty troubles like gout, creditors, telephone calls, and so forth. You want to kill me? Do so. It is really very good of you. It really is worth a good deal more than if you had presented me with a free ticket for a first-class sleeping-compartment on the Nice express. Take up your revolver, please, and shoot to your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heart's content. But as far as money is concerned you'll not get any from me because you'll not know how to beautify your life with it, you miserable specimen of humanity.'

He finished speaking and, without changing his posture a great deal, reached for a glass of whiskey and soda that stood upon the near-by small table, and drank it all.

There was a silence and then the burglar spoke in a pitiful and dejected voice: 'It seems, then, that I can neither spend this money sensibly nor live as I should, nor compel the love of Tatiana Andreevna?'

'In no case! Neither of these three things!' Chernoselskii answered with remorseless resolution. 'Women like Tatiana Andreevna never fall in love with men like yourself. And you may take my word for it, because I know women.'

'But you don't know Tatiana Andreevna,' timidly ventured the burglar.

'Eh, young man, young man! Do you really and honestly believe she is an exceptional being?'

'Yes, she is exceptional.'

'Well, then it only means that you have still less chance of succeeding.'

The two said nothing for a while and Chernoselskii took another glass of whiskey and soda. Then the burglar took his revolver from the table, examined it meditatively, and said: 'And are you quite sure that the other life will be better?'

'Well, of course, I cannot give you guaranteed information on that point. But I am of the opinion, in any case, that it will be interesting.'

The young man came up to him closely and held out his revolver.

'Do you know,' he said, 'that I've decided to die?'

'That is your personal concern,' Chernoselskii retorted.

'But suicide is a beautiful gesture — nothing tasteless, I believe. And therefore I want to ask you to shoot me, for I'm unable to accomplish it myself.'

'I beg your pardon,' Chernoselskii objected. 'It may be true to some extent that suicide is a gallant gesture, but murder is not. I can imagine myself committing suicide, but as to murder — excuse me.'

'That's just the difference between us!' exclaimed the young man. 'I might kill someone else, but I'll not have enough resolution to kill myself!'

'Yes,' Chernoselskii acquiesced, 'I told you the two of us were very different.'

'That is quite so. Nevertheless, I have decided to die, and you must help me. Take this revolver and shoot me in the heart or in the temple, as you think best.'

'Let me alone, will you?' Chernoselskii said, stretching out his arm toward his glass.

But the young man forcibly bent his arm away from the little table and firmly grasped it just above the elbow. 'Look here,' he said in a quite resolute voice. 'You'll kill me or else I'll kill you. Now you choose. This is my last word. I'll count ten, and then one of us will be shot. I begin. One, two, three, four, five —'

At this place in his story Chernoselskii noticed the *Kellner* who walked past our table. He stopped him and paid his bill.

'What happened next?' I asked him, somewhat thrilled.

'Next? Well, you know, don't you? I'm alive and he's dead.'

'So you shot him, just the same?'

'I had to!' Chernoselskii said, with a gesture implying a puzzling situation and complete lack of choice. 'You don't think I should have let him dispatch me on an untimely journey to the land of my ancestors? Well, now I must go. Best wishes. *Dosvidania*.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He lighted his cigar, waved his hand quite amiably, and walked out with a firm step. I remained seated and rather perplexed. Of course, the case was a rather extraordinary one. Yet, to shoot a man in cold blood — Of course, considering everything, one might understand — but then. And if — However —

A host of 'ifs' and 'howevers' overwhelmed me. Finally a bright thought came to me: 'Chernoselskii invented the tragic end for my amusement!' I felt better, paid the Kellner, and left the tavern of the Wiesbaden Lilas Pastia.

I must confess, however, that when I was closing my eyes that night in bed I thought: 'The Devil take him — I think he told me the truth!'

THE POPULARITY OF BYRON

BY JOHN MURRAY

[*Mr. Murray is the fourth of his name to head the famous London publishing house which in the days of the second John Murray was Byron's publisher.*]

From the *Cornhill Magazine, April*
(London Literary Monthly)

'His power of attaching those about him to his person was such as no other man I have ever seen possessed. No human being could approach him without being sensible of this magical influence. There was a mildness and yet a decision in his mode of conversing, and even in his address, which are seldom united in the same person. He was full of sensibility, but he did not suffer his feelings to betray him into absurdities.'

'The whole world seemed to be darkened for me.'

'I was told [of Byron's death] in a room full of people. If they had said the sun and the moon had gone out of the heavens, it could not have struck me with the idea of a more awful and dreary blank in the creation, than the words, "Byron is dead."'

These three expressions of opinion, called forth by Byron's death one hundred years ago, came from persons of widely different temperament — the first from his oldest, staunchest, and wisest friend, John Cam Hobhouse; the second from Alfred Tennyson, then a lad of fifteen years of age; and the third from Jane Welsh Carlyle, who, like Tennyson, had never even seen Byron.

There have been men possessed of a magnetic power which either attracted or repelled those who came under its influence, not only during the lifetime of the possessor, or as the result of personal contact, but also after death. They have, however, as a rule been men of action, such as Cromwell or Napoleon, and I think it would be difficult to find another example among men of letters besides Byron. If we attempt to understand his wayward character we must keep steadfastly in mind two salient facts which dominated his career, his acts, and his writings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First is what Macaulay — no very sympathetic judge — calls 'the magical potency which belongs to the name of Byron' and which has already been alluded to. Secondly, the environment of his childhood. He never knew a father, and perhaps in his case this was no great disadvantage, as his father gave no promise of a good influence. His mother was a woman of unrestrained impulse and passion, qualities which he no doubt inherited from her.

One day the late Lord Dufferin was calling on my father, and standing in front of Mrs. Byron's portrait he said, 'Murray, who is that?' 'That,' said my father, 'is Lord Byron's mother.' After gazing at it for some time, Lord Dufferin said, 'Ah! I now understand Byron's wayward character better than I ever did before.' The kindliness, the wise control and guidance, and the companionship which should belong to childhood were denied him. We know of no regular religious or moral training that he underwent; and thus it came to pass that he was thrown unarmed, and unprotected by any sound principles, into the midst of a society more dissolute and more attractive than any which can be found in England since the days of the Restoration. Who can be surprised if, like Wycherley, but with more excuse, he fell a victim to its allurements?

Mr. Chew, with infinite pains and great literary skill and discrimination, has collected a record of the literature which has grown up around the life and writings of Byron, and it is doubtful if any English writer — with the exception of Shakespeare — has been the subject of so great a mass of comment, criticism, and imitation as has Byron; and this growth has not been sporadic, nor has it belonged to one generation alone, but has been continuous throughout a century. In it we see at work the action of the forces of attraction and repulsion to which I have already referred.

It is not surprising that Southey was bitter against his brother bard. They met for the first time at Holland House on September 26, 1813, and Byron wrote to Moore, 'Yesterday at Holland House I was introduced to Southey — the best-looking bard I have seen for some time. To have that poet's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his Sapphics. He is certainly a prepossessing person to look on, and a man of talent and all that.'

The remaining eleven years of Byron's life were spent in bitter controversy with Southey, culminating in a challenge to a duel, which Douglas Kinnaird wisely refused to deliver. It is not to Southey's credit that on hearing of Byron's death he could write: 'I am sorry for his death, because it comes in aid of a pernicious reputation which was stinking in the snuff.'

Wordsworth was hostile; and Campbell prudently, if not very magnanimously, refrained from attacking Byron till after he was dead. Scott and Lockhart, though always frankly critical, were invariably generous and fair, as was to be expected of them. Some there were who wavered in their allegiance to one side or the other, such as Carlyle and Ruskin, and of this class I will select one example.

In 1846 Browning wrote: —

> Lord Byron is altogether in my affection again. I am quite sure of the great qualities which the last ten or fifteen years had partially obscured. Only a little longer life, and all would have been gloriously right again. I have always retained my first feeling for Byron in many respects. I would at any time have gone to Finchley to see a curl of his hair or one of his gloves — I am sure — while heaven knows — I could not get up enthusiasm enough to cross the room if at the other end of it all Wordsworth, and Coleridge and Southey were condensed into the little china bottle yonder.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet twenty-five years later, in *Fifine at the Fair*, he could write:—

> Him who egged on hounds to bay,
> Go curse, i' the poultry yard, his kind: 'there let him lay.'
> The swan's one addled egg: which yet shall put to use,
> Rub breast-bone warm against, so many a sterile goose!

The reference is, of course, to the famous address to the Ocean at the end of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*.

Whether it be due to the irony of fate, or to a singular lack of humor on Browning's part, it is a strange thing that he, of all men, should bring against anyone a charge of misuse of the English language. No one can mistake Byron's meaning, but no one has explained — or possibly has cared to try to explain — what Browning means by these fearfully involved and incomprehensible constructions.

The main interest in this wanton attack lies in the fact that it gave rise to a controversy which began in a long correspondence in the *Times* in 1873, and went on intermittently till 1922, when I was able to give the true solution.

Hobhouse and Gifford read all the proofs of the fourth canto, and made notes on them before they were sent to Byron in Venice. In 1922 I unexpectedly found these proofs, in which against the words 'there let him lay' Gifford had written, 'I have a doubt about lay.' Byron's MS. note thereon is 'So have I, but the post, and *Indolence and Illness! ! !*'

Mr. Gladstone, who was one of those who took a keen interest in the controversy, wrote to my father: 'I refer you to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, section "The Gloves, Paris." "It (the counter) was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to *lay* between us." I cite this as a twin error, not as an authority.' On my father inquiring whether he might quote this comment in public, Mr. Gladstone replied giving his consent, and adding: 'Byron seems to me to have used the language always as a master; sometimes as a tyrant.'

Shelley, critical and even adverse at first, became in the end a whole-hearted admirer of Byron's poetry. In regard to *Don Juan* he wrote: 'The love-letter, and the account of its being written, are altogether a masterpiece of portraiture of human nature, laid with the eternal colors of the feelings of humanity. Where did you learn all these secrets? I should like to go to school there.' And again: 'You have already given evidence of very uncommon powers. Having produced thus much — with effort, as you are aware, wholly disproportionate to the result — what are you not further capable of effecting?'

It would be superfluous to enter into any details of the leading critics of more recent years who have been able to estimate the value of Byron's poetry in fuller perspective, and with calm judgment — such as Matthew Arnold, John Morley, John Addington Symonds, W. E. Henley, and Professor Grierson; suffice it to say that they all recognize the greatness and permanence of his work.

I do not, however, think that full justice has yet been done to Byron as a letter-writer. His letters, especially those to my grandfather and Moore, which he probably knew would be read by his, and their, friends, are perhaps unsurpassed in originality, sparkle, and spontaneous wit. They bear witness, moreover, to the wide range of his reading and to the retentiveness of his memory. It is a commonplace to say that Byron's literary reputation underwent an eclipse. The extent of that eclipse is variously estimated by the force of attraction or repulsion felt by those who measure it. It was, moreover, an eclipse rather of the critical estimates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his person and writings than of his popularity.

I can at least testify from one indisputable source that his popularity has never seriously waned, as there has been a large and constant demand for all the editions of his books. By 1870 practically all had passed out of copyright, and some twenty years later the printer of a series of one-volume collected editions of our poets told me that, judging by sales, the order of popularity was Shakespeare, Longfellow, Byron — who stood thus at the head of the list.

Such adverse feeling as there was arose, in the first instance, from *Cain* — which in these less scrupulous days would probably have raised no storm of protest — and the attacks on the royal family, in connection with which it is amusing to find George IV condemning Byron for 'blasphemy and licentiousness.' And yet it was of *Cain* that Goethe wrote: 'Its beauty is such as we shall not see a second time in the world,' and Scott that 'the very grand and tremendous drama of *Cain* had matched Milton on his own ground.'

It is not for me to enter into a discussion of the literary merits of Byron's work — this has been done fully by abler pens than mine; but of Byron's present popularity I have perhaps as good opportunity of forming an opinion as anyone now living. Since I came into possession of No. 50 Albemarle Street, on my father's death in 1892, a continuous stream of visitors, year by year, has come to see the collection of Byron's MSS. and other relics which it contains. The larger number of these visitors are strangers to me, and come at their own request; they have included all nationalities, German, French, Greek, and especially American, among whom there seems to be a large and devoted body of admirers. One of them tells me that in sixteen States of the Union there are towns named after Byron. Before the war one or two German professors came to study certain of the MSS. and to collate them, which they did with Teutonic patience and thoroughness.

I have been struck by the fact that, with very few exceptions, these visitors, who are now numbered by hundreds, came not from mere curiosity, but showed a real interest in Byron and knowledge of his work.

The MSS. themselves afford interesting indications of Byron's character and methods of work. The handwriting suggests haste and impulsiveness, and perhaps the most notable of them is that of the third canto of *Childe Harold*. The first draft is written on paper of various kinds and shapes, and on the back of prospectuses or of lists of clothes. The Waterloo stanzas are on a uniform series of sheets and in one color of ink, showing that they are the outcome of one continuous inspiration. He was probably regardless of what is now called 'technique,' of the process of final polishing of a whole poem; but most of his finest passages, such as that in *The Giaour* beginning

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,

were evidently due to sudden bursts of inspiration.

Most of the MSS. before *Don Juan* were carefully copied before being set up in type, as the innumerable corrections would make them unintelligible to any ordinary compositor.

The fair copy of the third canto of *Childe Harold* is in the handwriting of Claire, the mother of Allegra; that of the fourth canto is in Byron's own best and most careful script. *Werner* was written out by Mrs. Shelley, who often acted as Byron's amanuensis in his later years.

In the heat of inspiration he would add passage after passage as successive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

editions were called for in hot haste. The first draft of *The Giaour* consisted of 406 lines and the first printed edition of 460 lines; and within a few weeks, in 1813, it had grown to its present length of 1334 lines. I have the original draft and the various addenda in MS. and a series of all the successive proofs carefully preserved by my grandfather.

Even if Byron took no pains to revise and polish his poems as a whole, the innumerable corrections, additions, and interpolations in most of his original MSS. clearly prove that he did take infinite pains over certain passages, and they form a striking contrast with the MSS. of Scott, which seem to have poured forth in finished form from his prolific brain, as there are hardly any alterations in them.

It would, I fear, be wearisome to readers if I were to attempt to give even a brief *catalogue raisonné* of the various odds and ends comprised in my collection, but before closing I should like to add a few words about the rooms in which the collection is installed.

I sometimes wish that the ghosts of some of their frequenters would pay me a visit. It was here that my grandfather used to hold his literary levees a hundred years ago — Scott and Lockhart, Gifford, Croker, Canning, Isaac D'Israeli and his son Benjamin, Moore, Crabbe, Rogers, Hallam, Sir John Barrow, Heber, and, in more recent years, Livingstone, Stanley, Milman, Grote, Borrow, Elwin, Sir Henry Layard — to name no more.

My rooms are essentially as they were in 1824: the fireplace where Byron's memoirs were — most unwisely — burned is unchanged; the portraits, the bookshelves, Byron's folding screen, with engravings of famous pugilists on one side and of actors and actresses on the other, and most of the old furniture remain. Among my grandfather's papers has been preserved this carefully written memorandum in his own hand:—

> 1815 Friday April 7. This day Byron and Walter Scott met for the first time and were introduced to each other by me. They conversed together for nearly two hours. There were present at different times Mr. Gifford, James Boswell, William Sotheby, Robert Wilmot, Richard Heber, and Mr. Dusgate.

Byron's best friends and admirers, unfortunately, cannot defend or excuse all that he did or said. His impish tendency to exaggerate his own misdoings, the slanders which many of his enemies, and some who ought to have been his defenders, have heaped upon him, and his magnetic powers of attraction and repulsion, which I mentioned at the beginning of this article, must all be taken into account if we are to attempt to form a balanced judgment. And so must his moral defenselessness when brought face to face with a fiery trial of temptation such as few men have had to contend with. At the end his better and nobler nature was reasserting itself, and a true purpose in life appeared to be drawing out the best of his abilities and of his character; but the change had only begun to work, and what its results might have been we cannot say. *Dis aliter visum.*

In conclusion I can but state that from various parts of the world — and from persons unknown to myself — I continue to receive messages to the effect that '1924 is the centenary of Byron's death: England must commemorate the event. We are all waiting for a lead in order that we may take our part in it.' And so I maintain that the popularity of Byron is as great and as fully alive as it ever was, and it will remain so if we

> Consider this,
> That in the course of justice none of us
> Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

ESCAPE

BY DUDLEY CAREW

[*London Mercury*]

THERE is none other in the world but you.
Round each quick turning in my brain you stand;
Yours is the step upon each creaking stair;
In my hand lies the shadow of your hand.

The stars are made familiar by your eyes.
Is there no rest from you in all the night?
I will creep back within myself to hide,
But you have turned my darkest self to light.

THE SEA

BY HENRY KING

[*Adelphi*]

I KNOW the sea, when to the golden sun
Each shoreward-rolling and triumphant wave
Curves a green trembling window, and anon
Like a sick child shivers the gift she gave
In gems of splintering foam; and I have heard
Her softest whisper, trod her firmest sand,
Plunged her cool depths until my eyes were blurred
With bliss of being, in a faëry land.
Yet, though she smile never so lovingly,
Still the salt taste of death is on her lips,
And in the mirror of her waves I see
A darkling presage of the dread eclipse
When she shall give her dead, the company
Which loved her and went down to her in ships.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'COUNTESS' ANNA KARENINA: A SUPREME ACHIEVEMENT

THE Russian journal, *Dni*, published by refugees in Berlin, views with a delicate yet downright satiric disgust a theatrical distortion of Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina* upon which a Parisian producer has incautiously ventured.

'A great event has taken place in the theatrical life of Paris,' says the Russian writer with intense sarcasm. 'The Cora Laparcerie Theatre has staged Lev Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina* in the adaptation of Edmond Giraud. This is a young but a very progressive theatre. It has an orchestra arranged after that of Bayreuth, another orchestra in the foyer, foremost technical facilities, and programmes in which are carefully mentioned all the couturiers, modistes, shoemakers, and hairdressers that contributed to the appearance of the chief actresses to be seen in the performance.

'The choice of Anna Karenina, on whom, for reasons unknown to me, M. Edmond Giraud bestowed the title of "Countess," has brought the directress of the theatre laudatory comment in the press: she exhibited genuine good taste. She chose no less a thing than a masterpiece of the great Tolstoi in the adaptation of the famous Edmond Giraud. We cannot resist the temptation of telling here the contents of the masterpiece of these two great authors.

'It opens with a magnificent reception and dance at the house of Prince Stepan Oblonskii. The critics in the papers have been particularly impressed by the "strictly observed Russian style and historical color" of this scene. It 's true. An enormous sum of money must have been expended to stage this reception and dance. As to the historic color, not even such a small detail has been forgotten as a large portrait of Emperor Alexander III on the wall. To be sure, the novel of Lev Tolstoi was written years before the accession to the throne of this monarch, and the story ends with the outbreak of the Turkish War of 1877; but that is quite excusable considering that no stage-manager could be reasonably required to have read the novel. In all confidence, I think M. Edmond Giraud did not read it either.

'To the strains of magnificent music Countess Anna Karenina, who is played by Cora Laparcerie herself (toilette from Bechoff's, slippers from So-and-So — see the programme), tells her brother's guests, in a hoarse voice and with an expression of horror on her face, about her recent dream: a muzhik standing on a railway track, and so forth. Follows an exposition of the famous dream of Anna Karenina, and I must not, in the name of justice, omit to say that in all this infamous play this is the most infamous scene, where a sublime page of art — the only page in which the great writer touched upon the great beyond — is digested for easy consumption.

'The guests try to comfort the "Countess." The second act is, of course, at the horse-races at Krasnoe Selo. A new character is added: Kitty Shcherbatskaia (toilette from Drecoll's, hat from . . . see the programme). The Minister, Count Alexei Karenin, brings his wife Anna (toilette from . . .) and his friend, a fashionable novelist, Sergei Koznyshev. Karenin suspects his wife's loyalty and he has a general theory as to how to trace disloyal wives. He acquaints Koznyshev with this theory: you must bring your wife to the military horse-races, and if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she loves one of the racing officers, and an accident should happen to that officer, the faithless woman is sure to betray her feelings.

'The orchestra plays some strange martial air: the Emperor himself is coming to the races — probably Alexander III. The rôle of Alexander III in the play is, on the whole, quite important. For instance he postpones, for some unknown reason, his consent to the marriage of Wronskii with Kitty. Presently Count Karenin leaves his wife to report to the sovereign. Anna and Wronskii remain. He declares his love. She refuses to be unfaithful to her husband. In despair Wronskii decides on the spot to take his own life. He is going to take part in the races and he is going to fall off his horse on purpose at a difficult handicap in order to die.

'No sooner said than done. The races begin. Count Karenin gloomily observes his wife. Wronskii falls off his horse. The Countess and Kitty both faint. The Count takes his wife home and they have a disagreeable explanation. She implores him to let her leave his house. He refuses and at first decides to use his power as a Minister and send Wronskii into exile, but upon a short reflection thinks better of it, and the moment Anna has stepped out into the street he takes his little son out to the balcony and tells him to scream at the top of his lungs: "Maman! Maman!"

'In a hoarse shriek, more like that of a she-tiger than that of a woman, Cora Laparcerie — alias Countess Anna Karenina — responds: "Coutia! Coutia!" (the name of the little Karenin in the novel is Sergei), and, tearing back into the house, seizes her son in her arms, holds him fast, and rolls with him upon the floor (manteau from Bechoff's, hat from Lewis's, shoes . . . see the programme).

'The rest complies with the beginning. Local color is inimitable, the public is ravished: Russian characters invariably address each other by the first and the last name, as for instance: "Believe my deep respect, Anna Karenina!" or "Say, Alexei Wronskii . . ." The servants of Wronskii address him as *petit oncle*. He and his friend, "General-Minister" Serpukhovskii, drink champagne to the health of Russia, while Wronskii's orderly shouts, overcome with enthusiasm, "*Vive notre petit père, le Tsar!*" Also, the General-Minister pronounces a scathing accusation of the miserable, dissolute Grand Dukes and foretells the coming of the Russian Revolution. (A great stir in the audience: the public duly admires the perspicacity of Tolstoi.)

'Anna's suicide as described by Tolstoi was not tragic enough, so before throwing herself under the wheels of the train Cora Laparcerie emits a shrill cry: "Alexei Wronskii!" It seems that the faithless lover is leaving her in this same train, to join his young betrothed. By the way, the train plays better than any or all of the actors taken together. I am even inclined to think that the whole show was invented in order to exhibit this masterpiece of stage technique.

'It must be said, in fairness to the French public, that I heard some expressions of indignation and protest during the intermissions. I might lament the "present-day" decadence and so forth, were it not that some fifty years or so ago Flaubert had also said: "Why, O Lord, didst Thou please to send me into the world in such an age?"'

*

RESTORATION IN VERONA

THE Castello San Martino on the Adige, in Verona, commonly called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Castelvecchio, is being restored, and it is proposed to move the Museo Civico into it. This collection is known as one of the richest in northern Italy, but it has been heretofore situated at a great disadvantage in the badly lighted Palazzo Pompei. Castelvecchio, on the other hand, will be a fit abode for art treasures. It was built between 1354 and 1356, and is one of the most beautiful landmarks of Verona, an unexcelled sample of a fortified fourteenth-century castle. A later addition was made by the sombre and suspicious Prince Cangrande della Scala, who built around it a wall with a turret. A legend says that by surrounding his castle by a wall, part of which lay inside the city limit and part outside, he wanted to assure himself a way of escape into the Alps in case of serious disturbances.

During the Austrian domination of Verona the castle came to be used as barracks for soldiers, and Venice made the same use of it immediately upon recovering possession of that city. Later it became a prison. For the first time in long centuries it is now coming to be appreciated, for Verona is experiencing a general revival of interest in her antiquities and a movement for reinstatement of her old treasures.

A SOUTH AMERICAN PAINTER

A WRITER in the *Revista del Occidente* of Madrid describes the Uruguayan painter, Pedro Figari, as the ideal painter of an epoch in Latin-American history which, save for his brush, might have passed without pictorial record. The obstacles which Figari has overcome sound almost incredible. Born in Montevideo, he became a struggling lawyer, scarcely able to provide for a family of eight, and living far from museums or art collections. Worn out at length by the indifference of his native city, he emigrated to Buenos Aires, where he abandoned the law and gave himself over entirely to painting, drawing inspiration from memories of his childhood and youth which had long been waiting for expression.

His subjects are drawn from Latin-American life in every aspect, aristocrats, half-castes, quadroons, the Gauchos.

'Nothing,' says the *Revista*, 'gives a truer idea of the endless expanses of South America than the paintings of Pedro Figari, with the heavy wagons forlorn in their solitude, creeping away upon uncertain tracks. It is to him that we owe the most exact depiction of the sky that arches over the southern plains, unvaried by such superfluous objects as trees, hills, rocks, or villages.' The critic Valéry of the Paris *Journal* says of him, 'Pedro Figari with a single stroke has brought genre painting to that point of perfection where it becomes true and living poetry.'

A SPANISH LITERARY PRIZE

A NEW Spanish Academy of five members, evidently modeled on the French Académie Goncourt, is said to be in prospect. The founder is to be none other than Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, whose sales have been so big that he still has money enough left to establish an Academy and a new literary prize after completing a trip around the world. The five members will all be novelists and the prize that they will award annually to the best novel of the year will amount to 20,000 pesetas.

Lest eager scribblers all over the world prick up their ears too eagerly at this announcement, let us add that the novel must be written in the purest Castilian, although no restriction as to the nationality of the author has so far been announced. There is a quite comprehensible joy among Spanish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authors, some of whom are already devoting their talents to celebrating the merits of Señor Blasco Ibáñez, and one of whom, bearing in mind his travels, compares him to Ulysses. Unlike the Homeric wanderer, however, Señor Blasco Ibáñez will return to his Ithaca rich, recognized, and honored.

✱

FOLKLORE IN BELGIUM

UNDER the auspices of *L' Indépendance Belge* of Brussels, an investigation into the folklore and popular life of Belgium is going on. Popular beliefs, popular customs, the old traditions, and the literature which still circulates by word of mouth are being gathered up all over the country.

The motive of the investigation is thus summed up by the paper which is chiefly responsible: 'What can be more attractive or instructive than popular traditions and beliefs? They are in a certain sense the soul of the race. Folklore does not confine itself to the study of the people's way of life, but studies also the intellectual development that the popular mind has received. It is a grouping of facts whose chief characteristic is that they have been conserved by the mass of the people without intervention by the cultivated classes, and almost always in spite of their intervention. It has been very properly said that folklore is the whole of the popular life, the untutored life of the people, which develops side by side but without relation to the activity of an intellectual élite conscious of its rôle. . . . Is it not true to say that in gathering up our folklore we are gathering up our history? Not to mention linguistics, ethnography, anthropology, and archæology.'

The investigation is receiving the aid of various museums, learned societies, and periodicals, many of which devote their especial attention to the subject.

✱

THE DRAMA IN HAITI

M. LOUIS MORPEAU, writing in the *Revue Mondiale* of Paris, describes almost two centuries of dramatic history in Haiti. During the eighteenth century, as might have been expected, French influence was predominant and the theatres boasted of giving 'the latest Paris plays.' Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire were among the dramatists who were produced.

By 1776 there were three companies playing, and so eager was the public for the theatre that the Haitian actors were spared some at least of the struggles of their kind in less enthusiastic lands. The comedy in Port-au-Prince made a profit of sixty thousand pounds in this year. After Haiti won its independence in 1804 there was an outburst of native drama, largely satiric comedies and melodramas.

Haitian interest in the theatre has not flagged since. French plays have retained their predominance, and range from Molière to the latest farce of the boulevards. The native drama has held its own, and there have also been productions of various foreign dramatists in addition to the French.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

Une heure avec . . . by Frédéric Lefèvre. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1924. 6*fr.* 75.

[Georges Rency in *L'Indépendance Belge*]

EVERYBODY knows Frédéric Lefèvre, the regular interviewer of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, who permits us each week to pass an hour which is always interesting and frequently delightful with one of the more important writers of recent days. M. Lefèvre has just collected the first series of his interviews in a volume which appears as one of the *Documents bleus* of the NRF. His object is to leave in these pages, and those that are to follow, a witness of the variations in opinion which reflect our troubled time. He sets down what he has heard, without personal intervention. If sometimes one suspects what he thinks, it is by grace of some sally, a flash of irony, a smile half-seen, or the turn of a phrase. Shall we name the writers whom he has visited? The list commences with Jean Ajalbert and ends with André Suarez, touching as it goes Barrès, Bédier, Béraud, Bordeaux, Brunot, Cocteau, Courteline, Giraudoux, Hermant, Mauriac, Mille, and others. A book to read attentively, a book to reread here and there, and at all events a book to keep.

Realities and Shams, by Dr. L. P. Jacks. London: Williams & Norgate, 1923. 6*s.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

DR. L. P. JACKS, the principal of Manchester College, Oxford, in the series of essays making this volume, strikes a decided if pessimistic note sustained from the first page to the last of his interesting book. The essays have, he says, been prompted by reflection on the course of events during the past nine years; and they are without doubt gloomy reflections. He can see, under present conditions, little that is encouraging in our prospect, and much that is menacing. With emphasis and characteristic lucidity, Dr. Jacks contends that if the State is to be saved from disaster new methods of government must be adopted, and men of capacity and clear vision — statesmen, not merely professional politicians — must man the bridge. Our crying need he finds to be strong, sane, safe leadership, not necessarily of the orthodox political order. He refuses to subscribe to the popular notion that public leaders must therefore be political leaders.

The troubles that beset the body politic in number are many, and they are diagnosed and carefully classified in these seventeen essays. The learned principal, while pointing to the ailments that disable, indicates also the way by which health may come. His contentions in this latter respect may be open to criticism, — for the faults and lamentable limitations of frail human nature can never be eliminated from the problems of government, — but none will say that he lacks courage in the proclamation of the faith that possesses him. To clear thinking he allies a terse style of expression that is always pleasing and often arresting. His pages are studded with telling sentences.

A Book of Australian Verse, chosen by Walter Murdoch. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1924. 4*s.*

Poetry in Australia, 1923. Preface by Norman Lindsay. Sydney: The Vision Press (141 Castlereach Street), 1924.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

SOMEWHAT more than a century has passed since Barron Field printed at Sydney those *First Fruits of Australian Poetry* which drew a slight essay from Charles Lamb; since Field's motto,

> I first adventure; follow me who list
> And be the second Austral harmonist,

was answered by a private soldier in his poetical début,

> I, the second, take the Field;
> The next may something better yield.

Mr. Murdoch's anthology, now given to us in a new and revised edition, does not refresh such antiquities. We reach Charles Harpur (1817–1868) almost at once; Lindsay Gordon and Henry Clarence Kendall quickly follow; and thenceforward we take our way among comparatively modern underwoods. The journey is a pleasant experience, and has its landmarks and surprises. Perhaps Harpur himself, that son of the forest and full-coloring artist of its aspects, may be new to many; one could wish that his 'Storm on the Mountains' and 'The Creek of the Four Graves,' large and abundantly revelative canvases, had satisfied Mr. Murdoch's choosing, but here is proof of his sultry richness. Gordon is familiar, and his exotic vigor has won him the affection of some who do not commonly care for verse. The daring melodies and native observation of Kendall may yet claim a new audience. His 'Orara,' which musically and plainly communicates 'the charm of the unknown,' is, if the phrase be admitted, a poet's poem.

Of those writers who follow, it is the elegance,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the alertness, the preference of lyrical metres that chiefly obtain notice; the background is ever romance. More than most these poets are the dreamers of dreams: desires and exaltations haunt them, so that they are voluble of the ancient glories and legends, of the coming glories and legends also.

Babylon has fallen! Nay; for Babylon falls never;
Her seat is in the aspiring brain, in nerves that leap and quiver;
Upon her towers of ancient dream Prometheus is throned,
And still his ravished spark is flung wherever manhood's owned.

Several of them are contributors to the volume introduced by Mr. Norman Lindsay and embellished, it appears, with his sardonic designs. His preface is the interesting utterance of an observer of English verse, which in his view is in danger of disintegration. He relies on Mr. D. H. Lawrence and the Sitwells as evidences of collapse:. 'We have seen England accept mob disorder in plastic art, and no effort has arisen to resist it. Is she, then, going to accept the same destructive attack in poetry?' Meanwhile he hints that the volume in which he writes is, if not 'a stimulus toward the reanimation of Form and Imagery in poetry,' at least a gesture against insidious corruption. And the Australian poets of to-day are certainly jubilant in contemplation of life, eager over its emblazonings and pageants, not afraid to sing of love and gallantry, of Sterne and Marlowe, and Corin and the shepherdess; they are, within the suspicion of artificiality, yet with a real faith in the first place, latter-day supporters of the Mermaid Tavern. 'Our valuation,' Mr. Lindsay perceives, 'is one of Mind only, which disregards all localizations in Time and Space, and which alone can become the symbol of a value in eternity.'

Gora: A Novel, by Rabindranath Tagore. London: Macmillan, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

THIS volume will rank high in the estimation of the great mass of readers Rabindranath Tagore has won for himself, not only in his native country and in England, but wherever literary merit is admired. Setting aside its excellence merely as a story, in which respect it is quite easily the best book he has yet given us, *Gora* is infinitely valuable as an interpretation of the thought and life, the soul and heart, of India. The main incident of the book, the discovery that Gora, the representative and leader of the ultranative school of political thinkers, is, after all, not a native Indian, but a man of pure British blood adopted at the moment of his birth by an Indian family, is very much more than a mere *coup de théâtre:* it is a thing of subtle and tremendous implications; it undermines and shakes the indurated belief of many minds expressed in Mr. Kipling's oft-quoted dictum that West and East can never 'meet.' They meet in the personality of Gora, the Hindu patriot of British blood. The subsidiary characters are touched in with a rare mixture of affection and artistic skill. Anandamayi, Gora's putative mother, and his old friend and master, Paresh Babu, both so serenely wise, will linger long in the memories of all who make their acquaintance.

The Legacy of the Ancient World, by W. G. de Burgh. London: Macdonald and Evans, 1924. 15*s.*

['Librarian' in the *Saturday Review*]

PROFESSOR DE BURGH, who lectures on philosophy at University College, Reading, has had the idea of drawing up a history of civilization from the earliest times till to-day, in a volume called *The Legacy of the Ancient World.* After describing, summarily, the ancient civilizations of the East, the author goes on to show the abiding value of the life and thought of Israel, Greece, and Rome. He aims at a large and growing class of men and women, who know nothing of the past or have only a fragmentary knowledge of it, and want to learn what it thought about the great problems of religion and philosophy. Such a knowledge cannot be got from the reading of elementary manuals: it demands study from the reader and skill in exposition from the author. Professor de Burgh's powers as a lecturer are evident in his adequate and orderly arrangement of his matter, and plain and simple language. He may be relied on for accuracy, and I am bound to say that the philosophical sections of his book are excellent. I recommend it very heartily.

*

NEW TRANSLATIONS

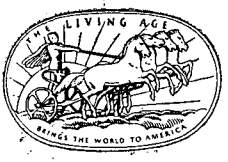
DE ROJAS. *Celestina.* Translated by James Mabbe (1631). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924. $5.00.

GOLDSCHMIDT, RICHARD (Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Biology). *The Mechanism and Physiology of Sex Determination.* Translated from the German by W. J. Dukin, D.Sc. London: Methuen, 1924. 21*s.*

LONGUS. *Daphnis and Chloe.* A most sweet and pleasant pastoral romance for young ladies. Translated by Geo. Thornley. London: The Golden Cockerel Press, 1924. 18*s.* 6*d.*

ROLLAND, ROMAIN. *Annette and Sylvie.* New York: Holt, 1924. $2.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A FRENCH DEBATE ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
A Guidepost to Security and Reparations
Paul Reynaud; Robert de Jouvenel

PALESTINE UNDER THE MANDATE — *Mrs. Philip Snowden*

MUSINGS IN HONDURAS — *Morley Roberts*
A Study in Republics and Tyrannies

THE OLYMPIC GAMES TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY
Doctor Maurice Boigey

KAIIN BAPA KAIAH WOULD BE SULTAN — *Ernst Zboray*
A True Incident in Java

STRATEGY. *A Story of the Old Austrian Army* — *J. S. Machar*

THE POEMS OF AUSTIN DOBSON — *Alfred Noyes*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE
Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find *$5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning .....

Name .....

Address ..... *City* .....

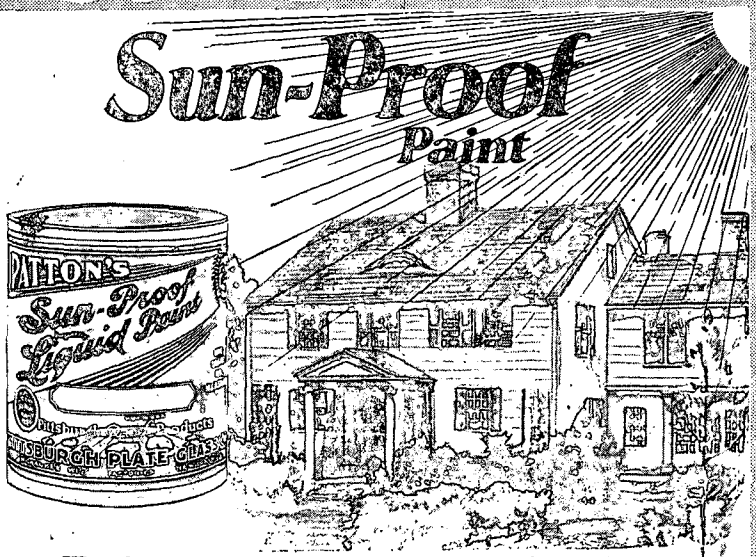
*Foreign postage $1.50 extra; Canadian postage 50c extra

5-10-24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paint

Sun-Proof Paint



Paint or repair—which?

IT MUST be one or the other. The house that is neglected quickly succumbs to the attack of the elements. The unprotected surface is eaten into by rain and moisture. Decay and rot—often irreparable destruction—is the result.

The sun's burning rays cannot blister or crack Sun-Proof's hardy coat. It contracts and expands with the heat and cold. It is non-porous—no moisture can seep through.

Sun-Proof is a "Pittsburgh Proof Product." You will find the same high standard of quality in the other "Pittsburgh Proof Products," among them Waterspar Varnish, Velumina, the wall paint you can wash, and Banzai Enamel. Whatever you need in glass, paint, brushes or varnish there is a "Pittsburgh Proof Product" that will fill your requirements exactly. For sale by quality dealers everywhere. The Advisory Board helps manufacturers solve unusual paint and varnish problems.

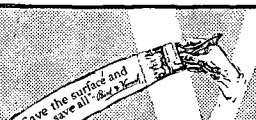
"What to do and How to do it"—a guide to better homes, is a book that answers a host of questions on home decoration and arrangement. It tells how to make the most of what you have—how to spend to the greatest advantage. Send ten cents to Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Dept. P, Milwaukee, Wis., and a copy will be mailed at once.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS C

GLASS ~ Manufacturers ~ **PAINT**

Paint and Varnish Factories — Milwaukee Wis. - Newar

Varnish



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED